

CRIME
AND
JUSTICE

CRIME and JUSTICE

10¢
LNC

NO. 10

AW, CURT!
JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT
TO GET INTO THE
ACT!

WHAP!



IN THIS
ISSUE...

FOLLOW MR. AND MRS. CHASE IN THEIR NEW AND
EXCITING DEATH DEFYING ADVENTURES!!!

A vibrant collage of classic comic book covers serves as the background. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". The covers feature diverse art styles and characters, ranging from superheroes to cartoon animals. Overlaid on this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow, making it stand out prominently.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS?

AT THE HOME OF VINCE SHAW, NOTORIOUS, WEALTHY UNDERWORLD CHARACTER...

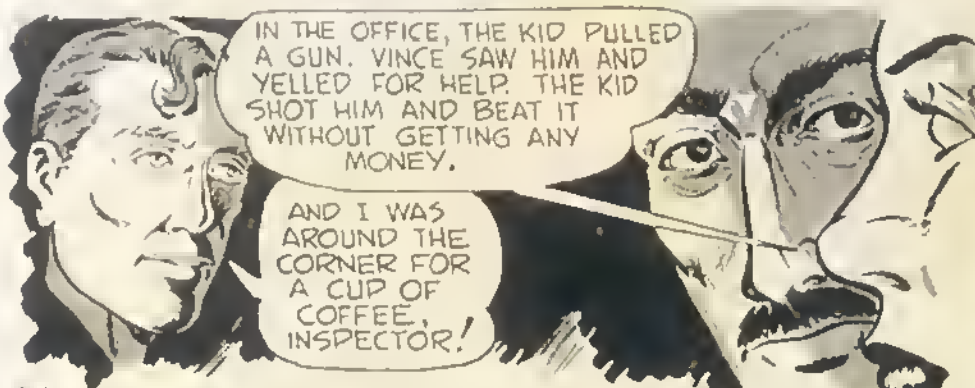
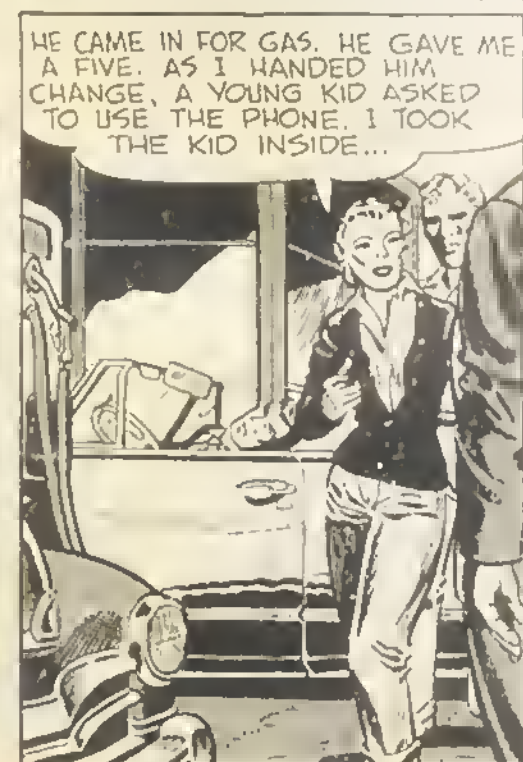


IF YOU DON'T SPEAK TO MIKE, I'LL HAVE MY BOYS TAKE CARE OF HIM!

LET ME WORK IT OUT, EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE..

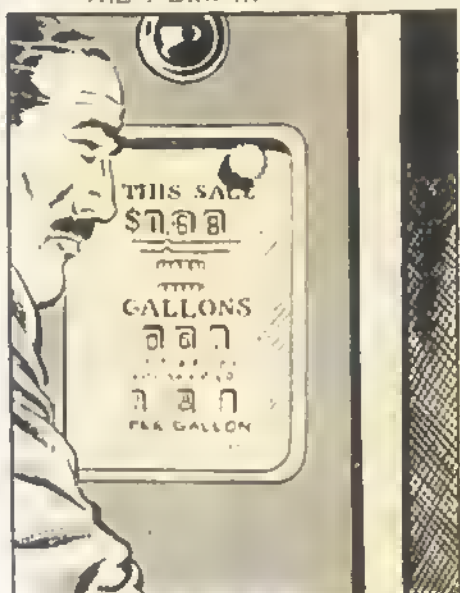


THE NEXT DAY INSPECTOR RYAN RUSHES TO ANITA AND MIKE MILLER'S GAS STATION. VINCE SHAW IS DEAD.



MIKE MILLER FINALLY CONFESSED HE HAD SHOT VINCE SHAW. MIKE SAID ANITA HAD CONFESSED TO HIM THAT SHE THOUGHT SHE LOVED THE GANG-STER. MIKE AND ANITA MADE UP THE HOLD-UP STORY TOGETHER.

INSPECTOR RYAN EXAMINES THE PUMP...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

A MR. & MRS.
CHASE
NOVELETTE

the BOMBER

LOOK, CURTIS!
ONE HIT, NO RUNS,
THEIR ERROR!

PERFECT DOUBLE
PLAY, MERRY! I'M
PUTTING TWO OUT
AT HOME!



LOOCH MOR
THE CRIMINAL KINGPIN.
HE DISLIKED VIOLENCE
SO HE CALLED...



ART PENNIN
HE'D DONE HIS TIME FOR
A \$500,000 BANK JOB,
BUT THE LOOT WAS
NEVER RECOVERED.



BOMBER DENNY
HE HANDLED 'TECHNICAL
PROBLEMS' FOR THE
UNDERWORLD...AT A PRICE!



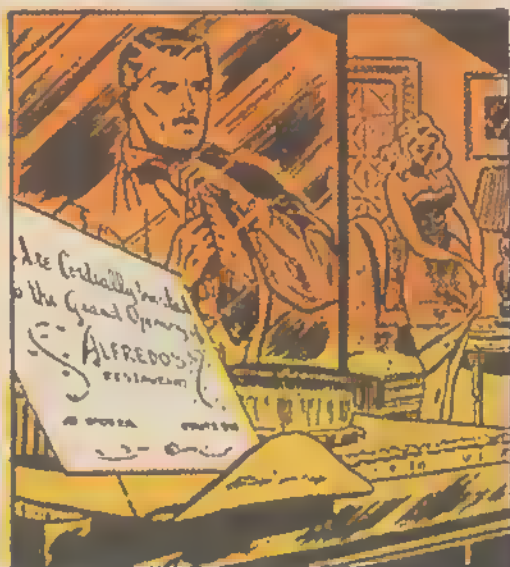
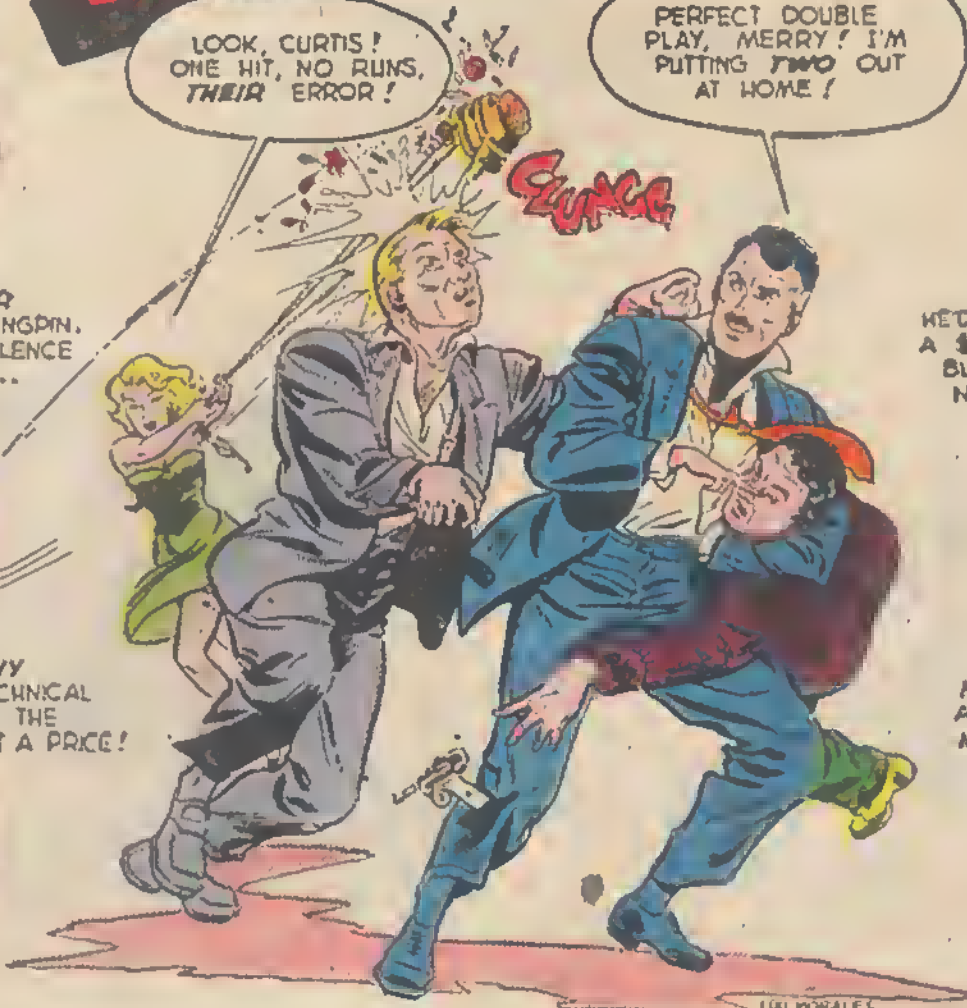
ROLLO
MUSIC LOVING, STRONG
ARM MAN FOR LOOCH
MOR, AND COUSIN OF...



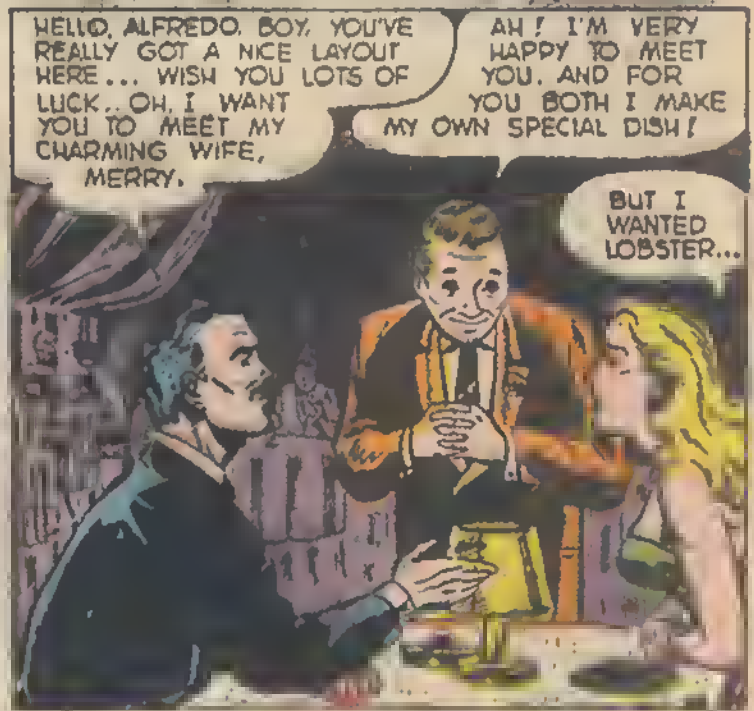
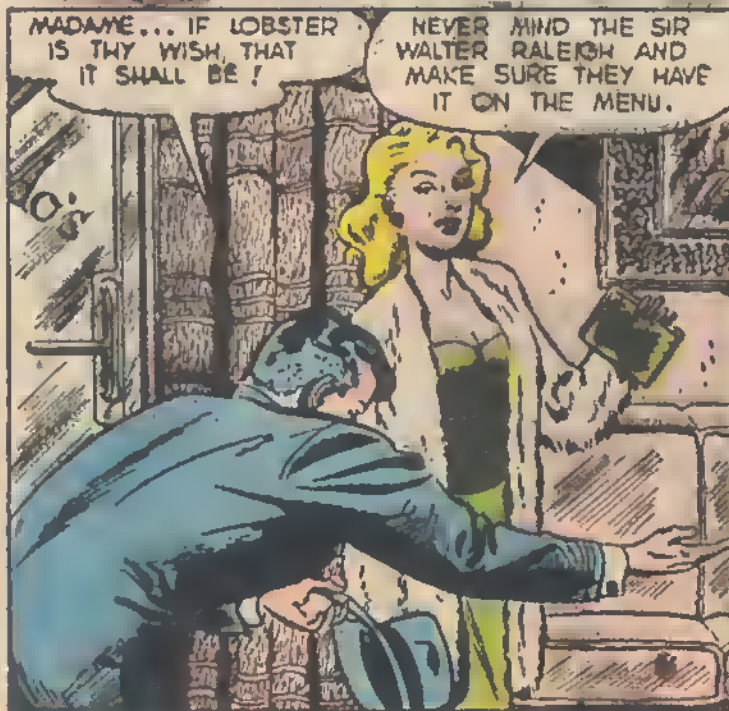
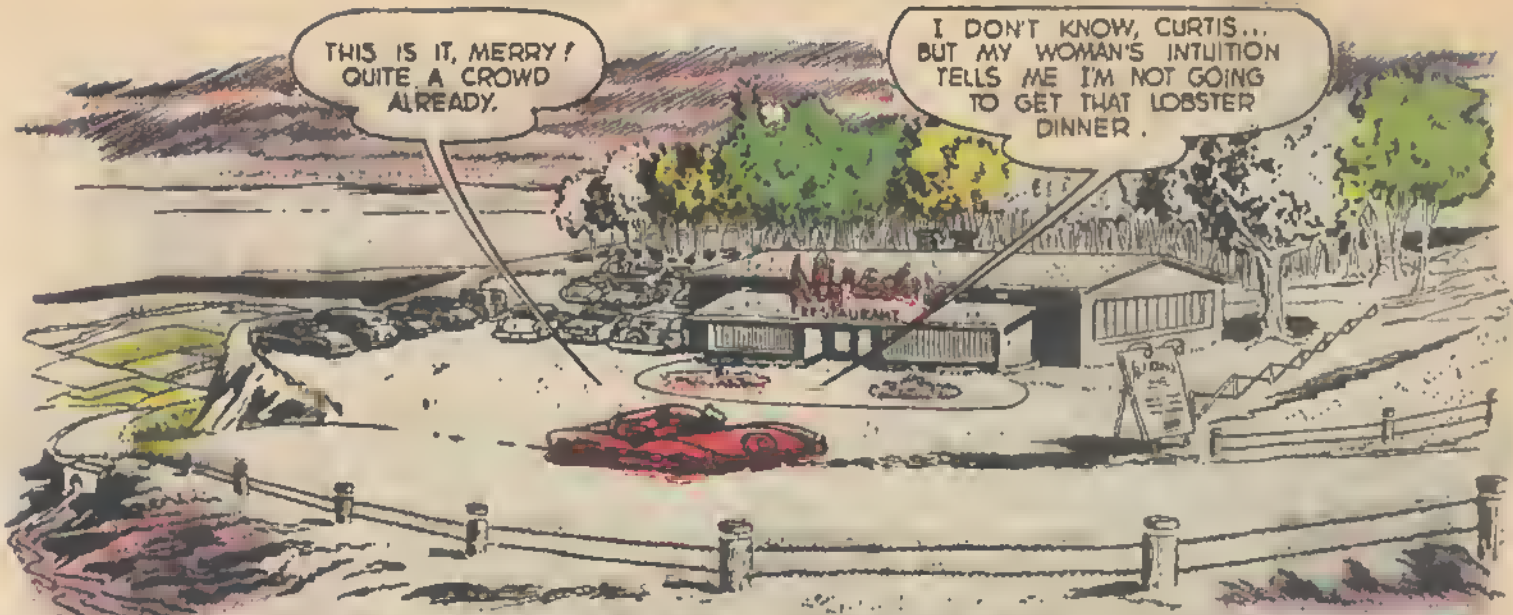
ALFREDO
THE QUIET, EASYGOING
RESTAURANT OWNER
FINGERED FOR THE
RUB-OUT!



BIB T
A SLOWER, MUCH LESS
SOCIAL VERSION
OF ROLLO.



CRIME AND JUSTICE



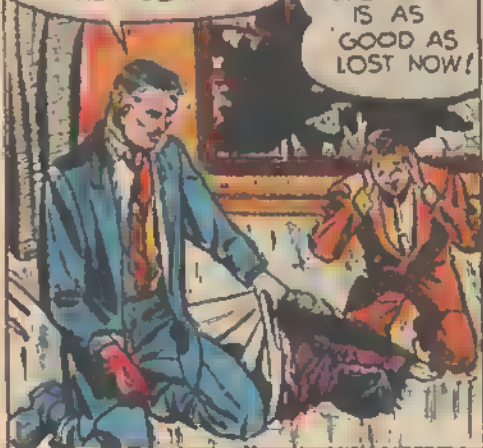
CRIME AND JUSTICE



LOUT THE "EXPLOSION" DID KILL
A MAN SITTING NEAR THE
WINDOW AND A WAITER...

THIS CAPER ENTITLES
DENNY TO A ONE
WAY TRIP TO THE
HOT SEAT.

NO ONE
ELSE
HURT BUT
BUSINESS
IS AS
GOOD AS
LOST NOW!



HELLO... CAPTAIN HAAS? YES, THIS
IS CURTIS CHASE. YOU CAN PUT
BOMBER DENNY AS NUMBER ONE
ON YOUR SWING PARADE... AND
I MEAN ON THE END OF A
ROPE! YEAH... AT ALFREDO'S...
ALL RIGHT, WE'LL WAIT.



WHO'D
WANT TO
KNOCK
YOU OUT OF
BUSINESS,
ALFREDO?

I DON'T KNOW... I
DON'T KNOW... WAIT!
THAT MAN WHO
COME TWICE...
THIS DENNY WAS
WITH HIM. HE SAY
HE KILL ME...
LOOCH MOR!



LOOCH MOR? LOOCH IS TOP RACKET MAN IN
THIS CITY. WHAT WOULD HE
WANT WITH THIS RAVIOLI ROOM?

IT DOESN'T ADD UP
NOW, CURT, BUT IT
MUST BE SOMETHING
BIG!

I DON'T WANT
INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS
HURT... I...
I'M SELLING. I
CALL THIS
LOOCH
NOW.

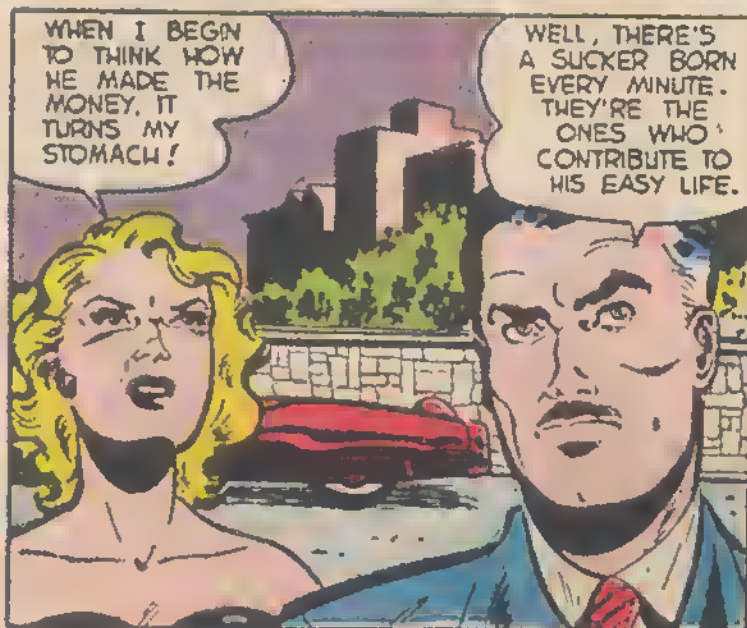
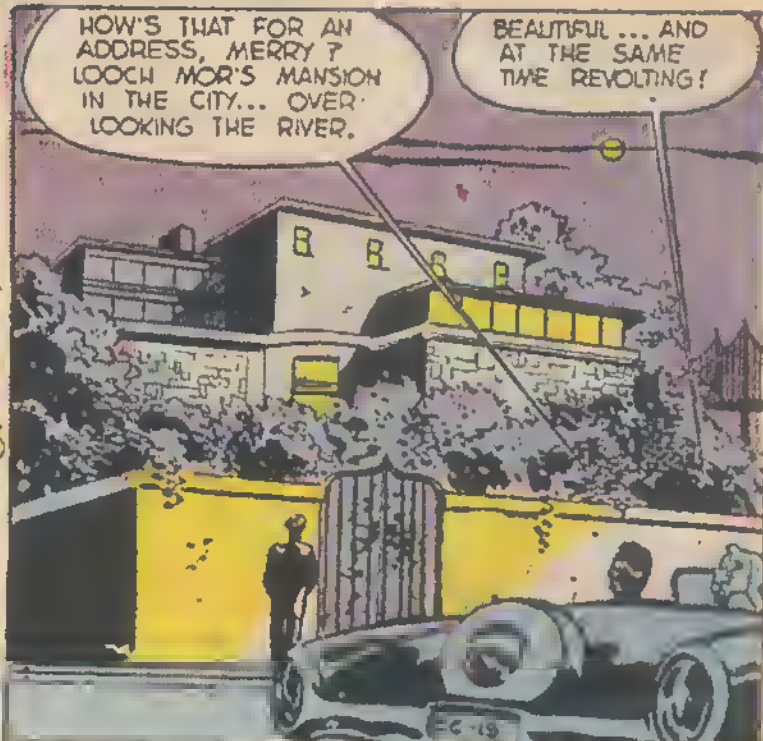


CALL, NOTHING! SIT TIGHT UNTIL
TOMORROW, ALFREDO. WHEN
CAPTAIN HAAS ARRIVES TELL
HIM WE WENT TO VISIT
LOOCH MOR. LET'S GO,
MERRY.

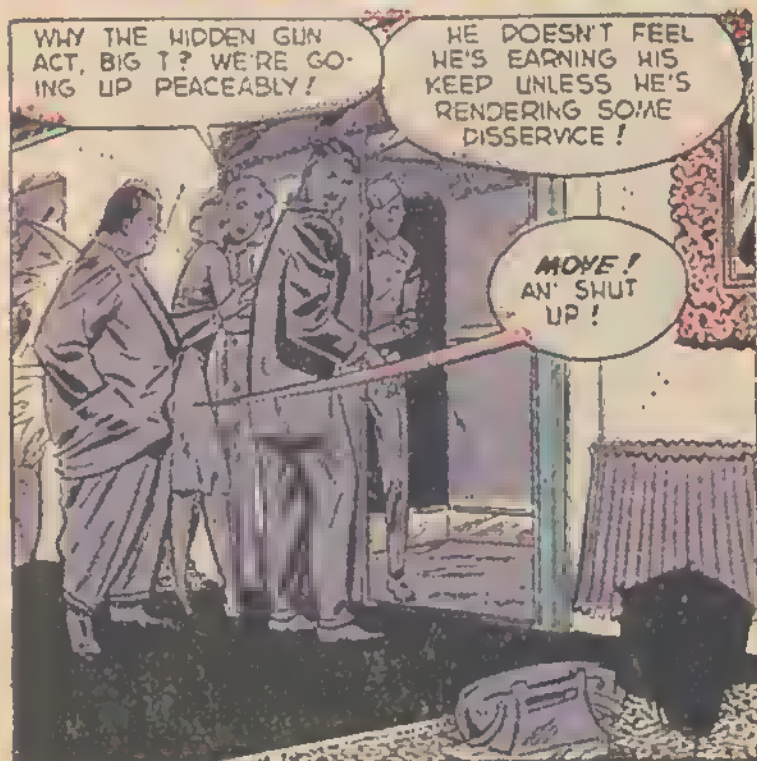
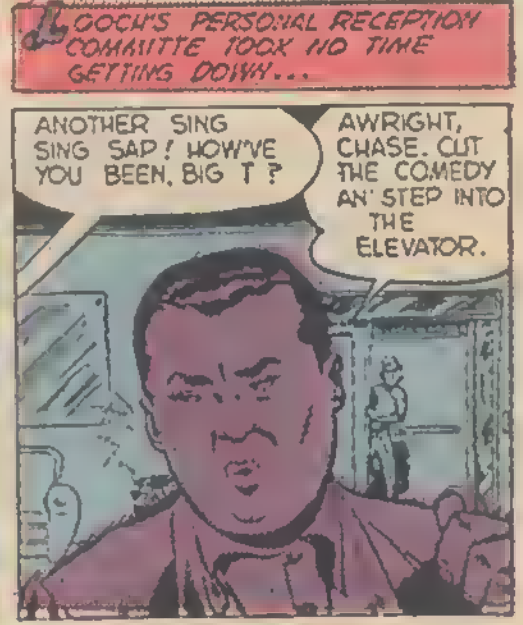
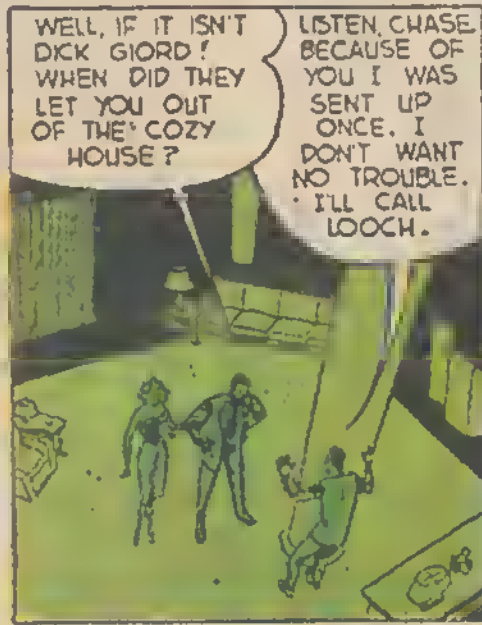
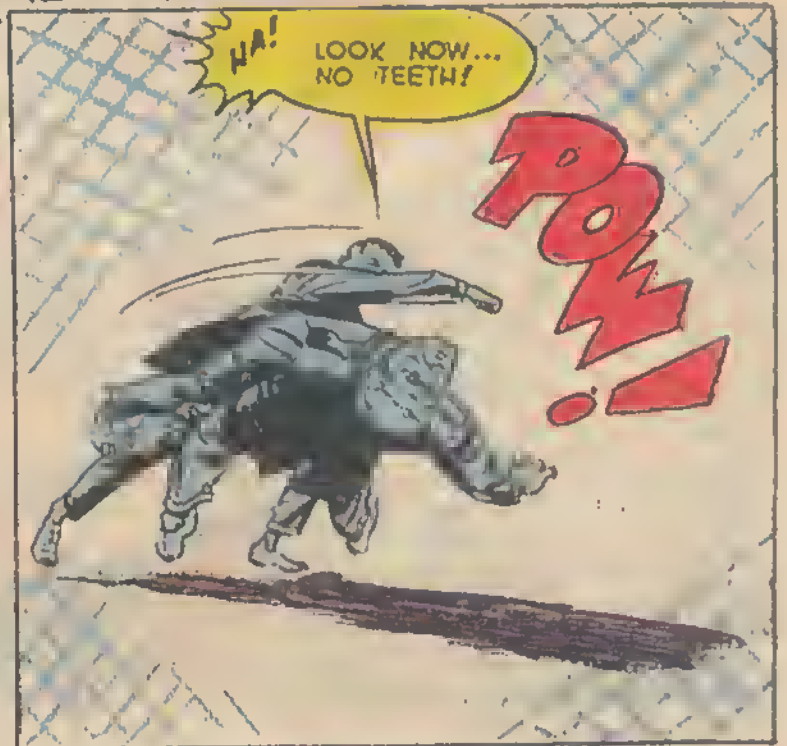
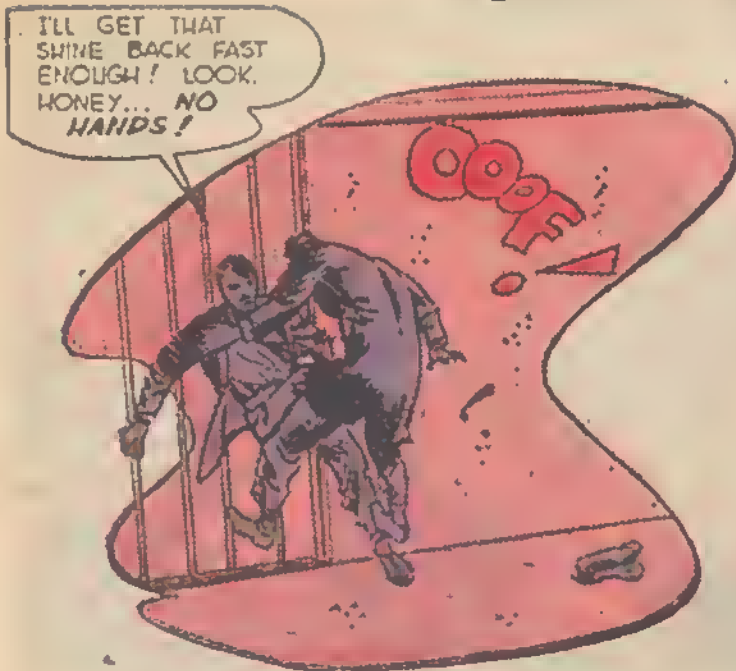
I KNEW IT!
NEVER A
MOMENT'S REST
FOR THE CHASES...
AND THERE GOES
MY LOBSTER
DINNER!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



TCH, TCH
NO HOS-
PITALITY!

HERE WE ARE,
MERRY, BUT FIRST...



I TAKE THIS BUTTON OFF AND
JAM IT IN THE DOOR GUIDE
NOW THAT WE'RE OUT... WHEN
THEY COME TO, THEY CAN
HARMONIZE ON A FEW
CHORUSES OF "OPEN
THE DOOR, LOOCHIE."



THIS MUST
BE THE
INNER
SANCTUM!

FUNNY THERE'S
NO ONE AROUND!
LET'S JUST WALK
RIGHT IN!



WELCOME, MR. CHASE.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE
BOY WONDER OF THIS
FAIR LAND?

ART PEIMIE! NOW
IT ALL FITS! WHY YOU
WANTED ALFREDO'S
PLACE... WHY YOU
HAD...

QUIET, PUNK! SEEMS
TO ME YOU'RE TOO
SMART... MUCH TOO SMART.
CHASE! WE COULD'VE
SETTLED THIS REAL
FRIENDLY LIKE...



I DON'T
QUITE
UNDER-
STAND IT,
CURTIS.

ART PEIMIE DID
SEVEN YEARS FOR
A BANK JOB AND
JUST GOT OUT. THE
\$500,000 WAS
NEVER FOUND. ART
HUNG OUT AT A NIGHT
CLUB THAT IS NOW
ALFREDO'S PLACE. THAT
MONEY WAS HIDDEN
THERE... AND THEY
WANT IT NOW!



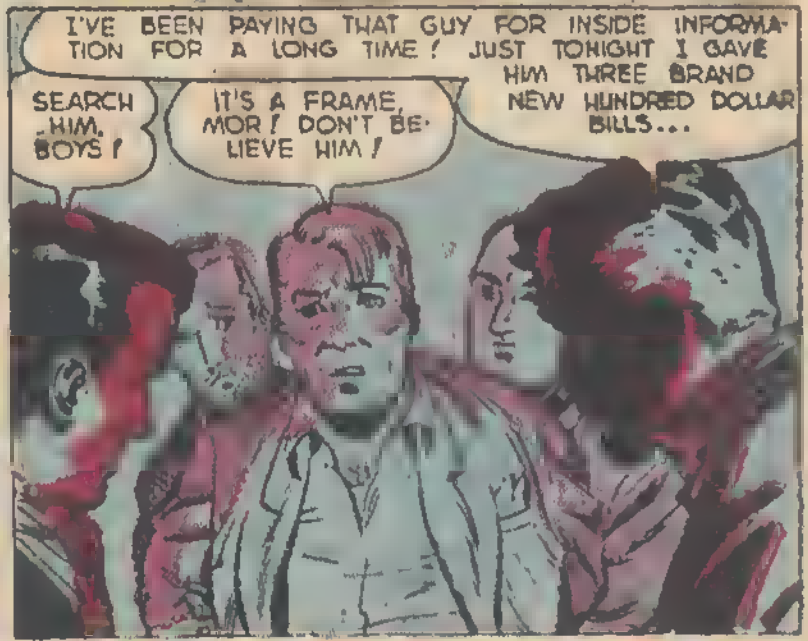
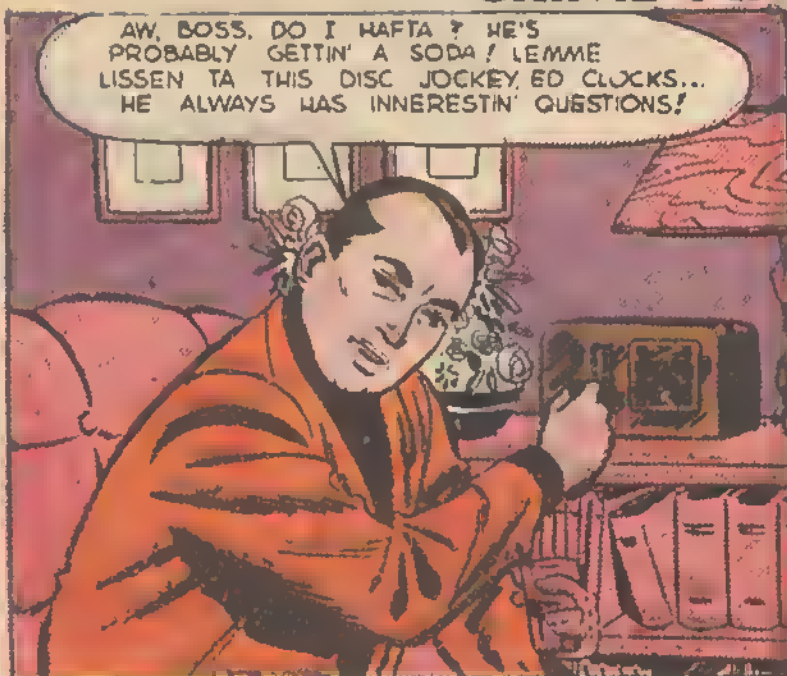
SOLVED... LIKE A TYPICAL
GRADE B THRILLER! BUT I'VE
GOT SOMETHING MORE
EXCITING FOR YOU,
CHASE!



**BOMBER
DEHNY!**

YEAH... HE'S GOING
TO TAKE YOU BOTH
FOR A SKY-HIGH
RIDE! HEH! HEH!
IN THE MEANTIME,
ROLLO, SEE WHAT
HAPPENED TO THAT
GENIUS OF MINE,
BIG T!

CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



YOU LOUSED EVERYTHING UP NOW, CHASE! I DISLIKE VIOLENCE, BUT YOU HAVE GOT TO GO!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE "TROUBLE SHIFT", FROM TWELVE MIDNIGHT TO EIGHT A.M., EVERY COP HAS TO WORK IT WHEN HIS TURN COMES UP, AND THAT APPLIED TO TEX AND BARRY OUT ON THE HIGHWAYS AS WELL AS TO THEIR BROTHER OFFICERS IN THE CITY. IT WAS ON A CHILLY, WET NIGHT IN EARLY SUMMER THAT THE BOYS STARTED THE SHIFT... AND GOT THEIR FIRST LOOK AT THE...

IN
ANOTHER

MARK OF THE MONSTER RADIO PATROL STORY

GOSH, BARRY! I
JUST GOT A GLIMPSE
AT THE KILLER... WHAT
WAS IT A MAN OR
BEAST?

DON'T KNOW, TEX!
IT MOVED TOO FAST FOR
ME!!! LET'S DO SOME-
THING, QUICK!

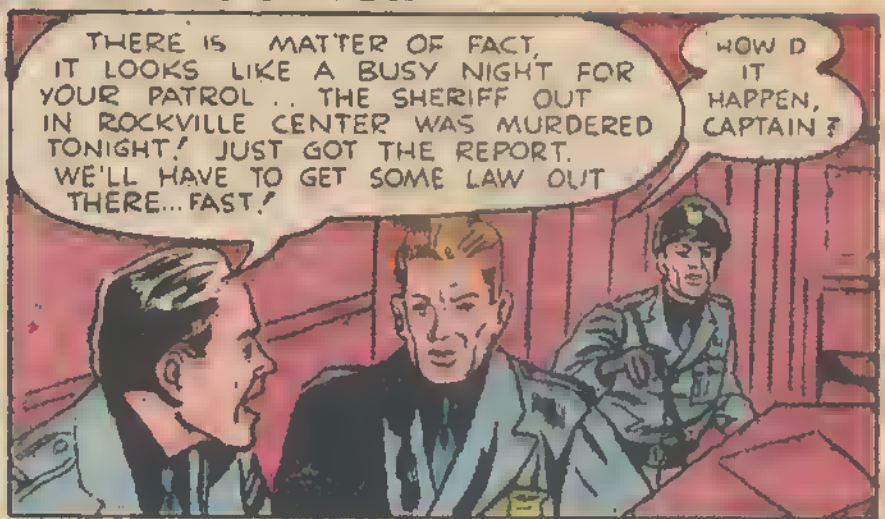


CRIME AND JUSTICE



ALL SET FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS ON THE SWING SHIFT?

I GUESS WE'RE AS SET AS WE'LL EVER BE, SIR ANYTHING SPECIAL GOING ON TONIGHT?

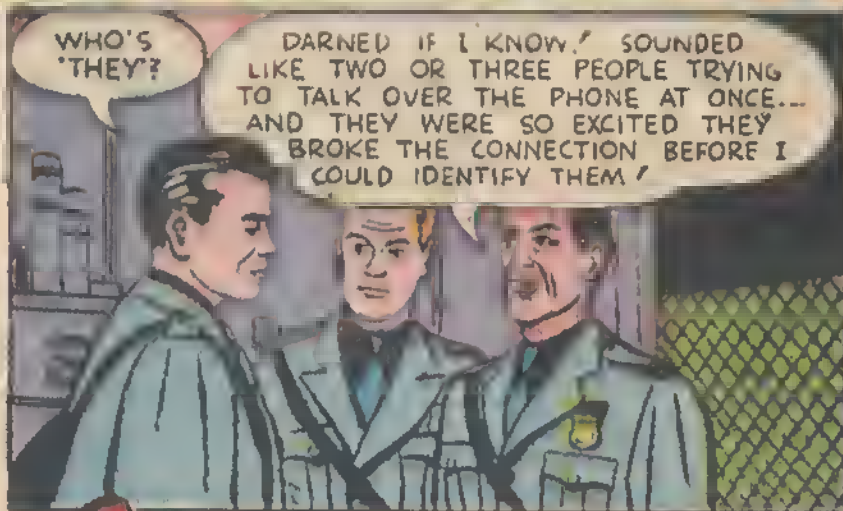


THERE IS MATTER OF FACT, IT LOOKS LIKE A BUSY NIGHT FOR YOUR PATROL... THE SHERIFF OUT IN ROCKVILLE CENTER WAS MURDERED TONIGHT! JUST GOT THE REPORT. WE'LL HAVE TO GET SOME LAW OUT THERE... FAST!

HOW'D IT HAPPEN, CAPTAIN?

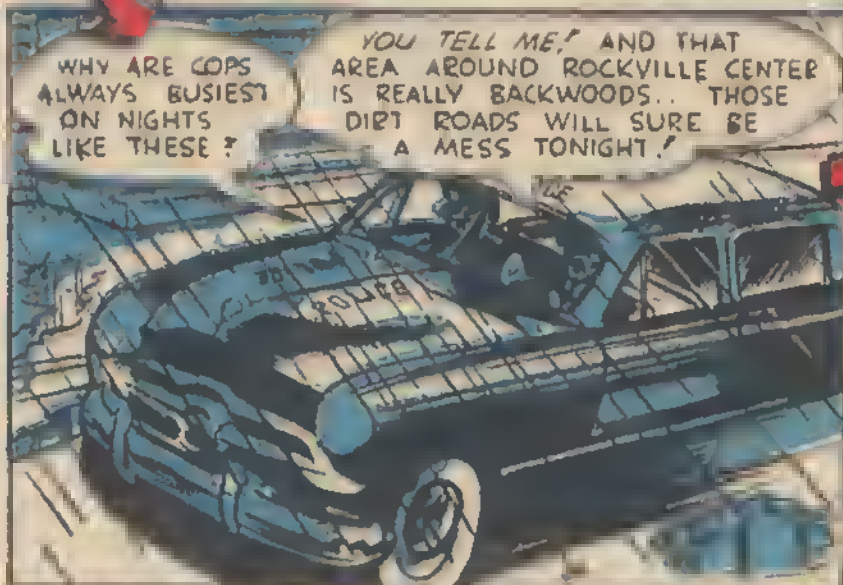


I DON'T KNOW, BARRY. THE SHERIFF ONLY HAD ONE DEPUTY OUT THERE, WHO HAS BEEN DOWN WITH INFLUENZA FOR A WEEK. THEY FOUND THE SHERIFF'S BODY, BADLY MUTILATED, THEY SAID, ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. THAT'S ABOUT ALL WE KNOW YET.



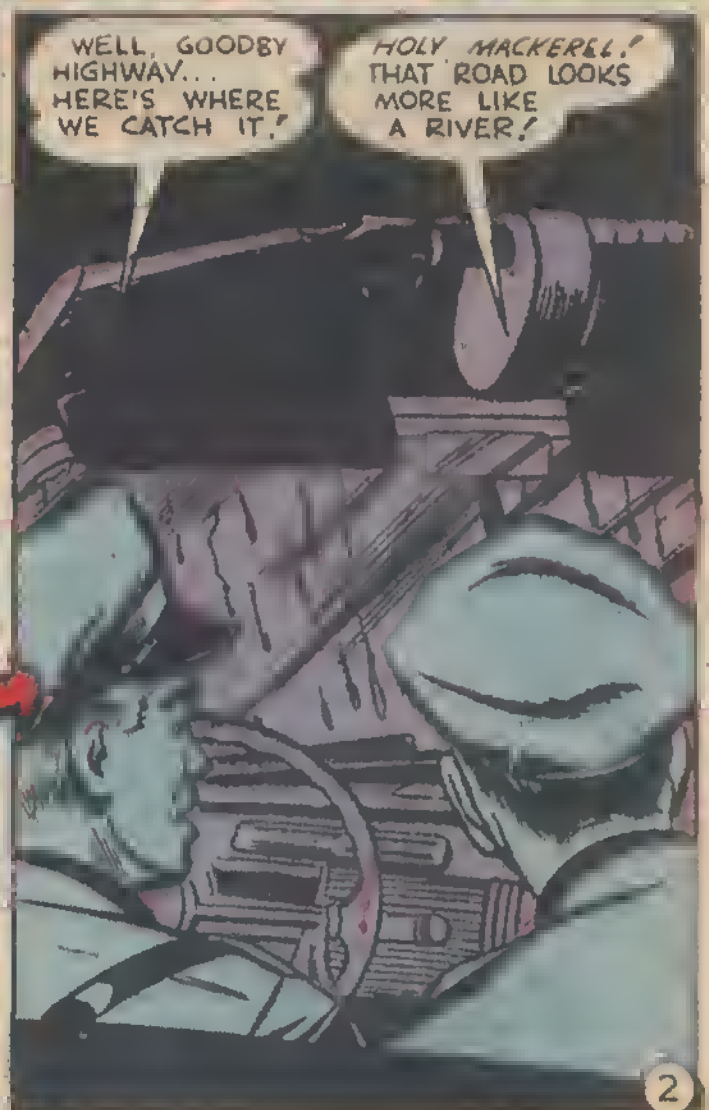
WHO'S 'THEY'?

DARNED IF I KNOW! SOUNDED LIKE TWO OR THREE PEOPLE TRYING TO TALK OVER THE PHONE AT ONCE... AND THEY WERE SO EXCITED THEY BROKE THE CONNECTION BEFORE I COULD IDENTIFY THEM!



WHY ARE COPS ALWAYS BUSIEST ON NIGHTS LIKE THESE?

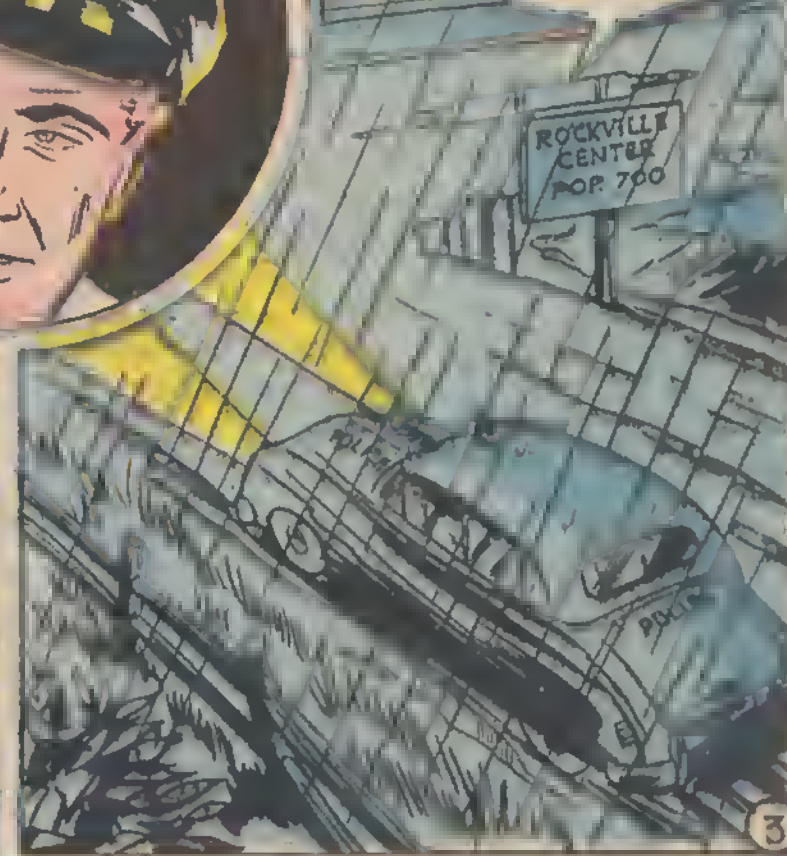
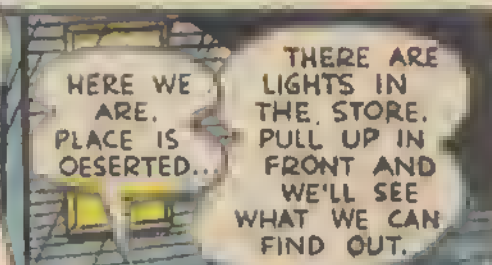
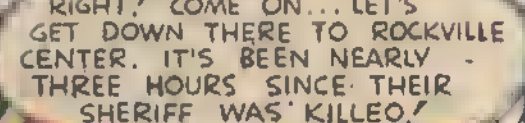
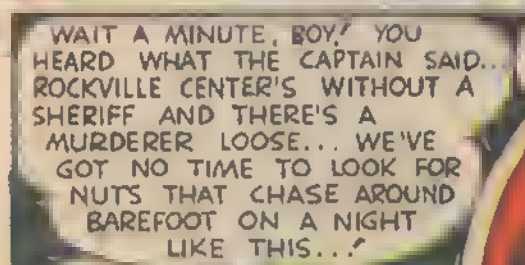
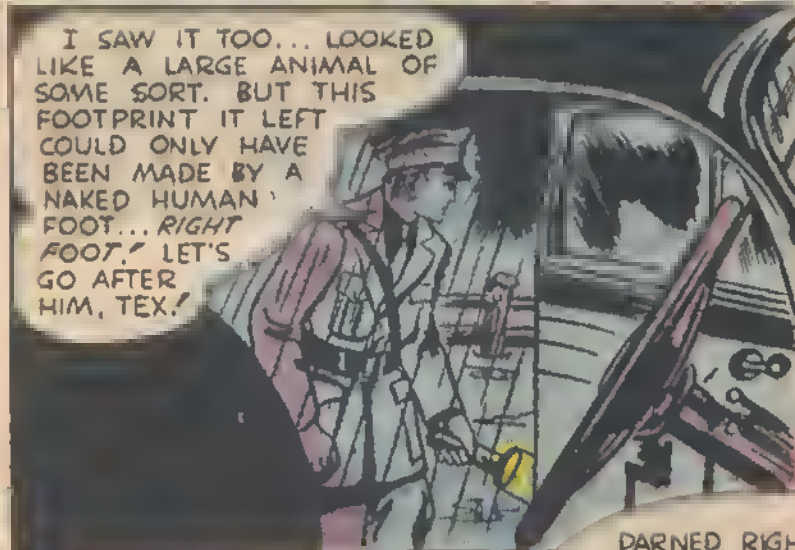
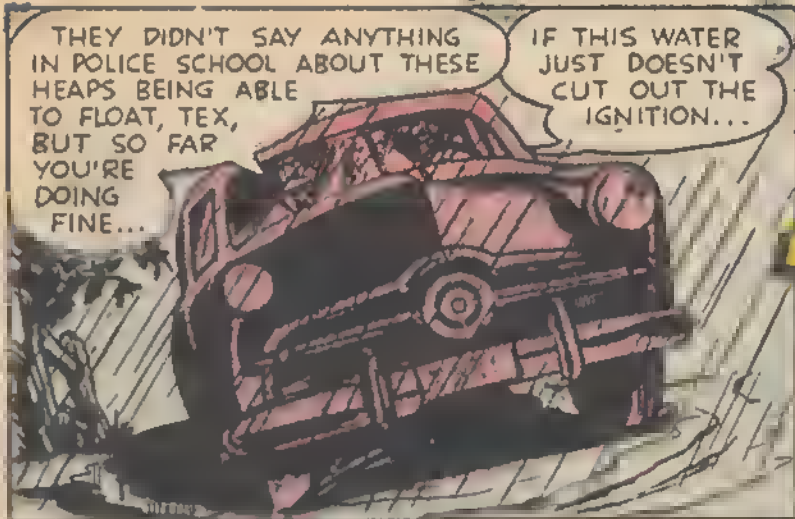
YOU TELL ME! AND THAT AREA AROUND ROCKVILLE CENTER IS REALLY BACKWOODS... THOSE DIET ROADS WILL SURE BE A MESS TONIGHT!



WELL, GOODBY HIGHWAY... HERE'S WHERE WE CATCH IT!

HOLY MACKEREL! THAT ROAD LOOKS MORE LIKE A RIVER!

CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

A MOMENT LATER...

WHERE'S THE MURDERED SHERIFF?
DID ONE OF YOU MEN CALL THE
RADIO PATROL BARRACKS A
COUPLE OF HOURS AGO?

WHAT'S LEFT OF
THE SHERIFF IS UNDER
THAT BLANKET, YOUNG
FELLER...

I CALLED YOU, OFFICER,
I'M SAM EDMOND, OWNER
OF THIS STORE. YOU TOOK
YOUR TIME GETTING
HERE, DIDN'T YOU?



YOU BEEN OUTSIDE LATELY, MISTER?
IT'S RAINED A LITTLE... WE GOT HERE
AS FAST AS WE COULD ROW THE
CAR UP YOUR MAIN STREET. WHAT
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
THIS BUSINESS?



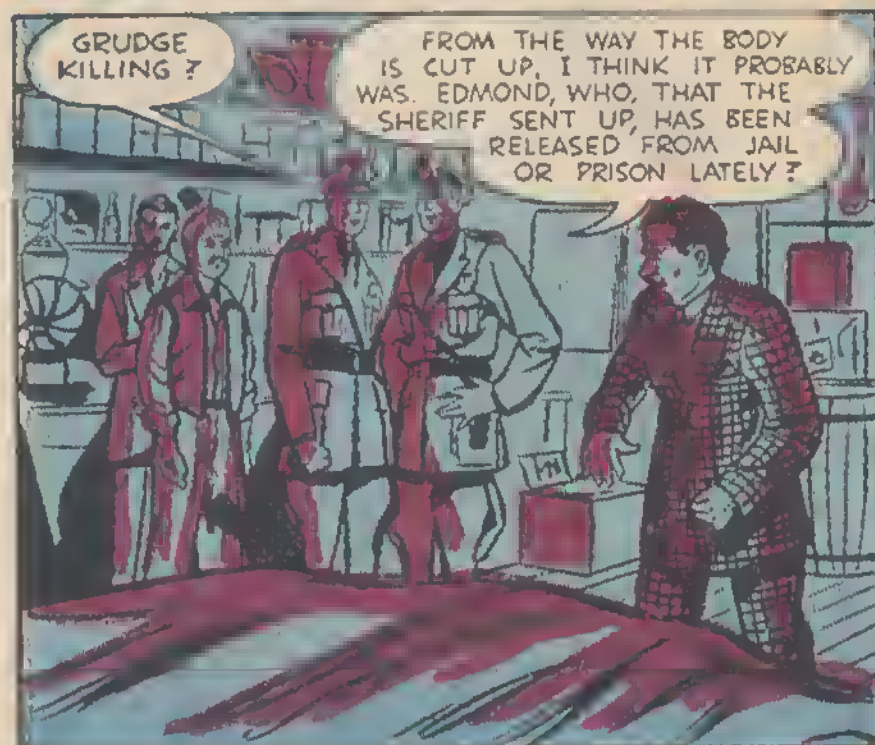
NOT VERY MUCH. STUMBLED OVER
THE BODY ABOUT ELEVEN OR SO.
HE WAS IN THE ALLEY BETWEEN
THIS BUILDING AND THE BANK
NEXT DOOR. I WORKED LATE
ARRANGING STOCK IN HERE,
AND WAS ON MY WAY HOME.

BROTHER!
WHOEVER DID THIS
REALLY WORKED
HIM OVER... WITH
A LONG, SHARP
KNIFE... MAYBE A
BUTCHER KNIFE.

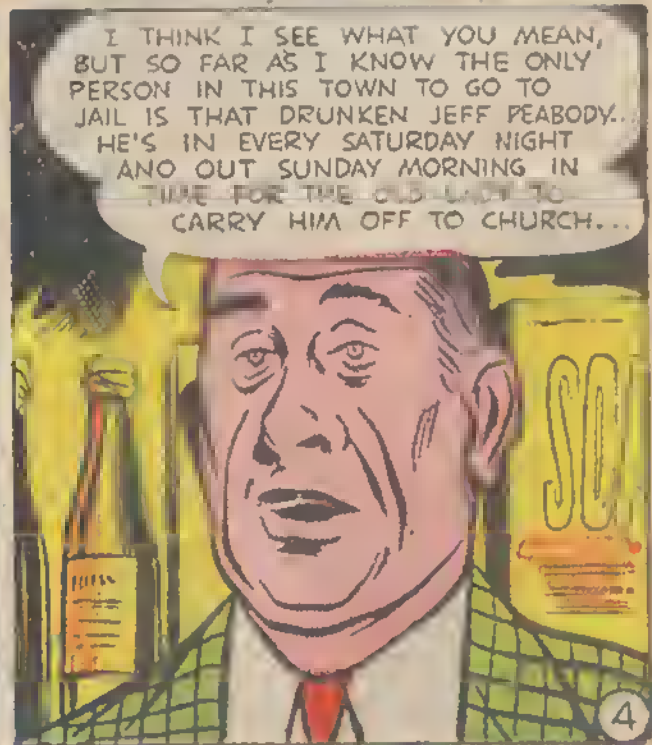


GRUDGE
KILLING?

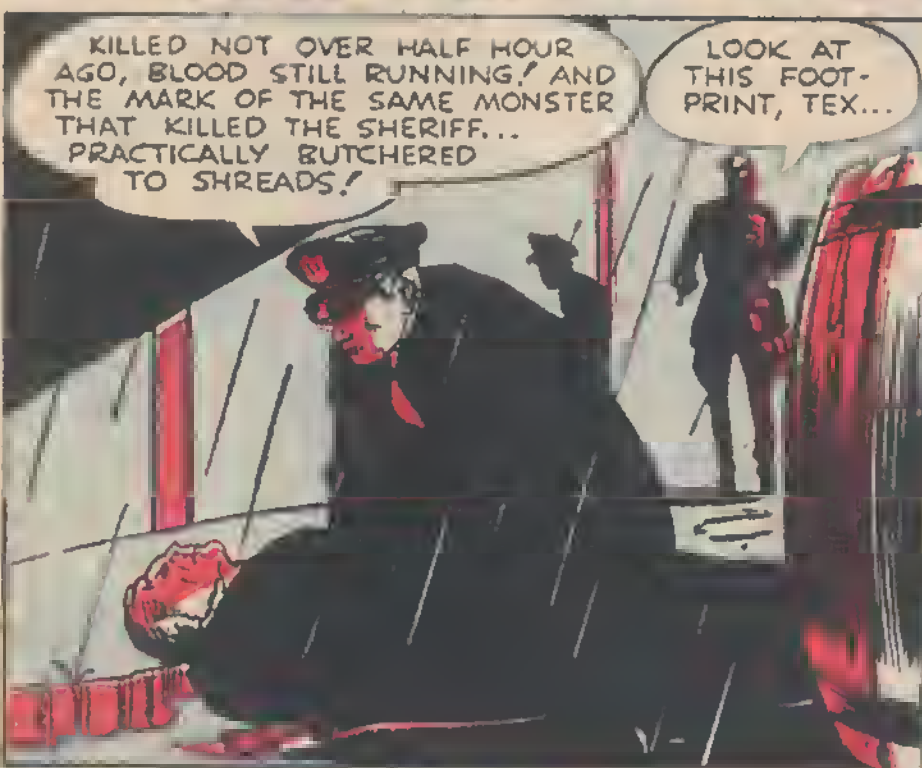
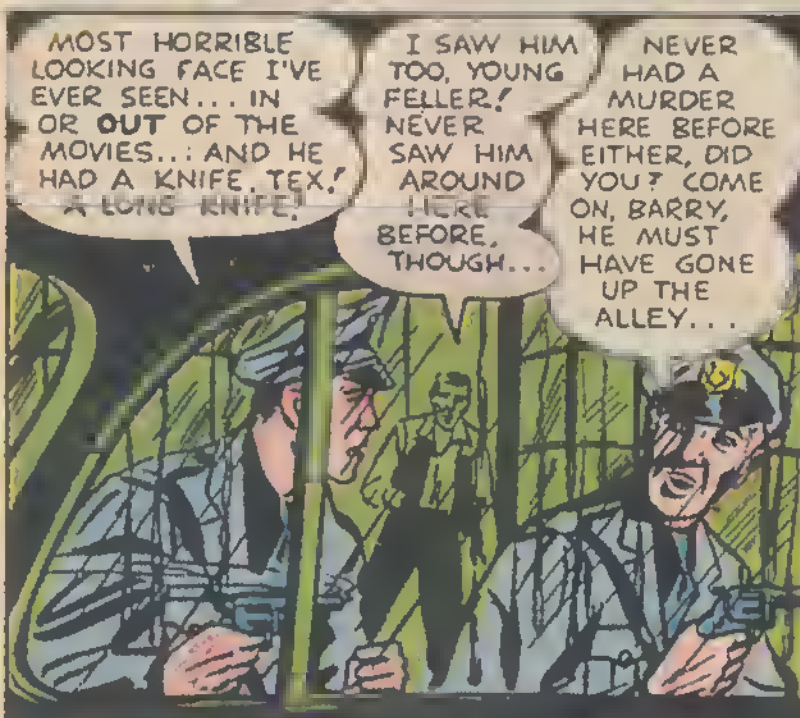
FROM THE WAY THE BODY
IS CUT UP, I THINK IT PROBABLY
WAS. EDMOND, WHO, THAT THE
SHERIFF SENT UP, HAS BEEN
RELEASED FROM JAIL
OR PRISON LATELY?



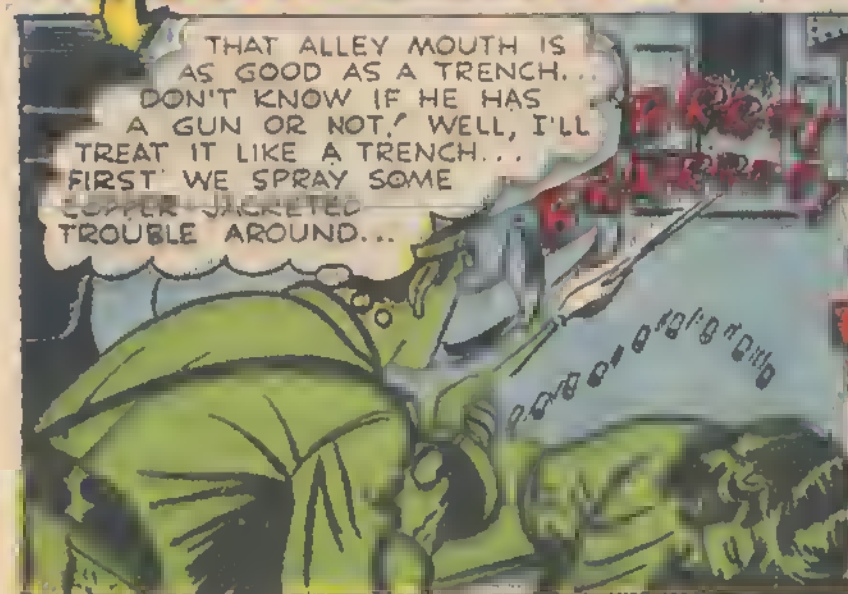
I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN,
BUT SO FAR AS I KNOW THE ONLY
PERSON IN THIS TOWN TO GO TO
JAIL IS THAT DRUNKEN JEFF PEABODY.
HE'S IN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
AND OUT SUNDAY MORNING IN
TIME FOR THE OLD LADY TO
CARRY HIM OFF TO CHURCH...



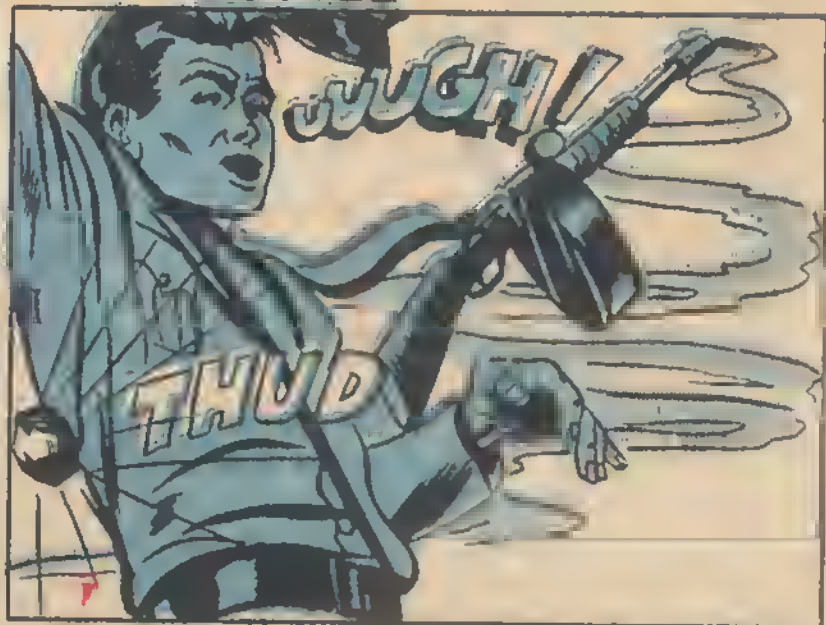
CRIME AND JUSTICE



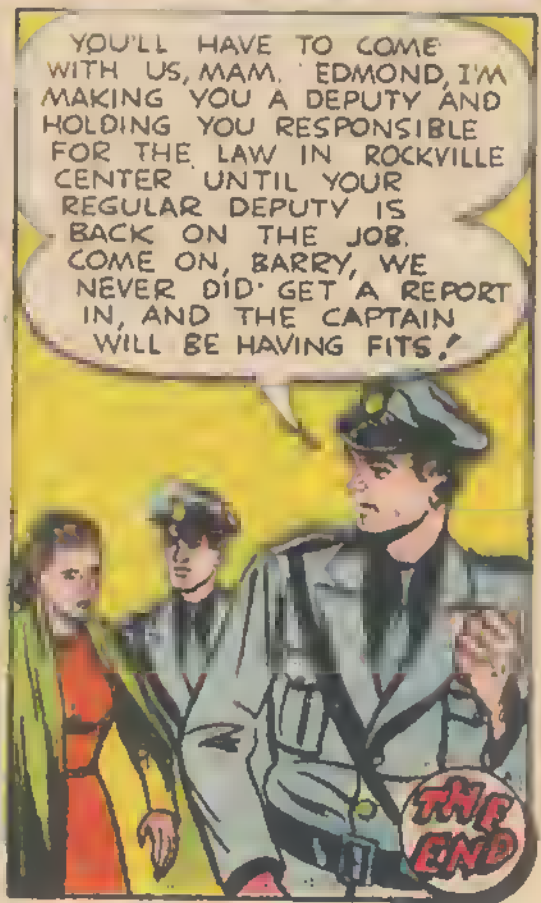
CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



A SHORT TIME LATER...



DEAD JUSTICE

Jerry Mahoney was a rather pleasant-looking young man. His eyes were a deep blue, his hair blond, and his six feet of flesh made you feel you were talking to a real man. People would always remark about Jerry, "he has an honest face." They say looks are often deceiving and this was the case. He was a spoiled, selfish, cruel man who could only think about himself.

Just now he was in the office of Willie the Spotter who claimed he knew how to pick the winning horses on any track. Jerry wasn't in a very contented mood. "The horse you said would win last week, lost. I bet every cent I had on that nag. I got a load of debts to pay. Can you lend me a thousand dollars until next month? I have some investments due and then I'll be able to repay you."

Willie the Spotter, with his weasel-type face didn't even smile when he answered. "I got you on my books already for three grand. In my line of work you can't extend credit beyond that."

"But you know I'll be worth more than a million dollars when that old uncle of mine dies. He can't change his will because that was the way my aunt made the will before she died. Everything goes to me when old John Albertson decides to die."

It was on the tip of Willie's tongue to give a bit of advice and suggest that Jerry help his uncle get into the next world. But his common sense told him not to say it. So instead he merely remarked.

"Seems your uncle will probably live to be a hundred. He hasn't got a worry in the world except you."

"You don't have to get sarcastic," shot back Jerry as his eyes began to narrow. "We can't all live forever in this world and that also goes for you."

Willie the Spotter wasn't born dumb. He

got the significance of the crack but decided to ignore it. After all, when the uncle did die, Jerry would be around to spend the cash. "Go over to Joe's place," he suggested. "You can try your luck on the wheels and perhaps pick up a few thousand dollars."

Jerry parked his car outside a country tavern which had a large neon sign that informed the public, "Joe's Place For The Food You Want." Then he walked inside the place and entered the check room. He closed the door and hung his coat on the first hanger. Then he moved the second hanger and a section of the wall opened. He walked through into a large gambling room.

Tony Varenta, big husky bouncer greeted him. "Hello Mr. Mahoney. Before you do any playing, the boss wants to see you. He's in his private office." Jerry figured that Willie had probably phoned Joe and warned him.

A middle-aged man with jet black hair that was evidently dyed glanced up from his desk. "Take a seat, Jerry," he ordered. "I got a couple of things I want to discuss with you." So Jerry seated himself and came right to the point. "What's on your mind? Worried about the money I owe you?"

Joe shook his head in the affirmative. "I have a stack of your I.O.U.'s. No more playing until you start paying up some of those back debts."

"You know all I get is a miserable hundred dollars a week from my Aunt's trust fund," said Jerry.

Joe could be blunt. "Why don't you help your uncle to get into the next world. A little shave off a rack might do the trick."

Jerry didn't bat a facial muscle. "Are you suggesting that I murder my uncle?" He looked at the gambler steadily for a few minutes and continued speaking. "What a fool I

would be to do such a thing. The rest of my life you would blackmail me." He started for the door and heard Joe say, "If you killed your uncle so no person could prove it, neither the law nor myself could do any beefing."

As Jerry's foot stepped on the starter of his car he could hear himself say half-aloud, "I bet I could figure out how to kill that old skinflint of an uncle so it would look like an accident or even suicide. The simpler the plan I figure out the less chance the law has of getting me. And the stakes are high. A million dollars that ought to be mine."

There was an armed truce in the Mahoney household. Uncle John Albertson had married Sarah Mahoney years ago. She had plenty of money. However there was a million dollars in a trust fund which eventually would go to Jerry. But as long as John Albertson lived, he could enjoy the income from that money. John Albertson lived in the other and they seldom met. Only when the nephew wanted money.

The uncle was seated in a rocking chair near the window. Jerry was standing at the side of the chair. "You look very well, uncle," he began. It's nice and warm outside. Let me take you for a drive."

Uncle Albertson said nothing as his nephew left the room. He arose from his chair and went to a small table. He wrote a note and placed it in an envelope. Then he called his housekeeper and told her to mail it at once.

Jerry walked through the large trophy room of the Mahoney mansion. It was filled with loving cups, mounted animal heads, rifles and guns. He took a .38 caliber from the wall. He broke open the gun and placed six bullets in the chambers. Then he closed the gun and placed it in his hip pocket. "This is going to be easier than I thought," he said to himself.

Jerry helped his uncle into the car. "You sit right next to me," he said. "And we'll take a long ride into the country. Close your eyes and sleep." Then he fixed a large brown blanket around his uncle's legs.

John Albertson closed his eyes and they remained shut. Not once did he open them. Jerry drove down the turnpike into highway 23, then into highway 17 and began to climb up Darson's Hill. He stopped the car and walked out on his side. Then he quietly open-

ed the door of the car on his uncle's side. He took the revolver from his pocket, placed the muzzle against his uncle's head, and pulled the trigger once.

Jerry found he had to force his uncle's fingers apart to get the gun into the right hand. Then he closed the fingers and placed one on the trigger. The revolver was on John Albertson's lap with the muzzle pointed downward.

"This was a perfect crime," he told himself. "Uncle was tired and ill. It was his gun. We went on a trip. He shot himself. There will be powder marks on the skin to prove it was at close range. I will say that I didn't want to disturb the body until I brought it to a hospital or police station. And my uncle's fingerprints will be on the gun. Nothing went wrong. Nothing can go wrong."

For two hours Jerry continued driving back to the city with a corpse next to him. At Hamilton's Crossing he ran over a pipe in the road. The car was jolted a bit and there was a shot from the revolver in John Albertson's hand. "I'm shot . . . in the heart," moaned Jerry as his hand went for the brake. He made it and then slumped over the wheel dead!

Sheriff Al Boyton was impatient. "Come on, Doc. We've been on this case three days. What's the verdict? You read the letter the uncle mailed to the police. Said he thought his nephew wanted to kill him. And Albertson's doctor said he was suffering from a weak heart."

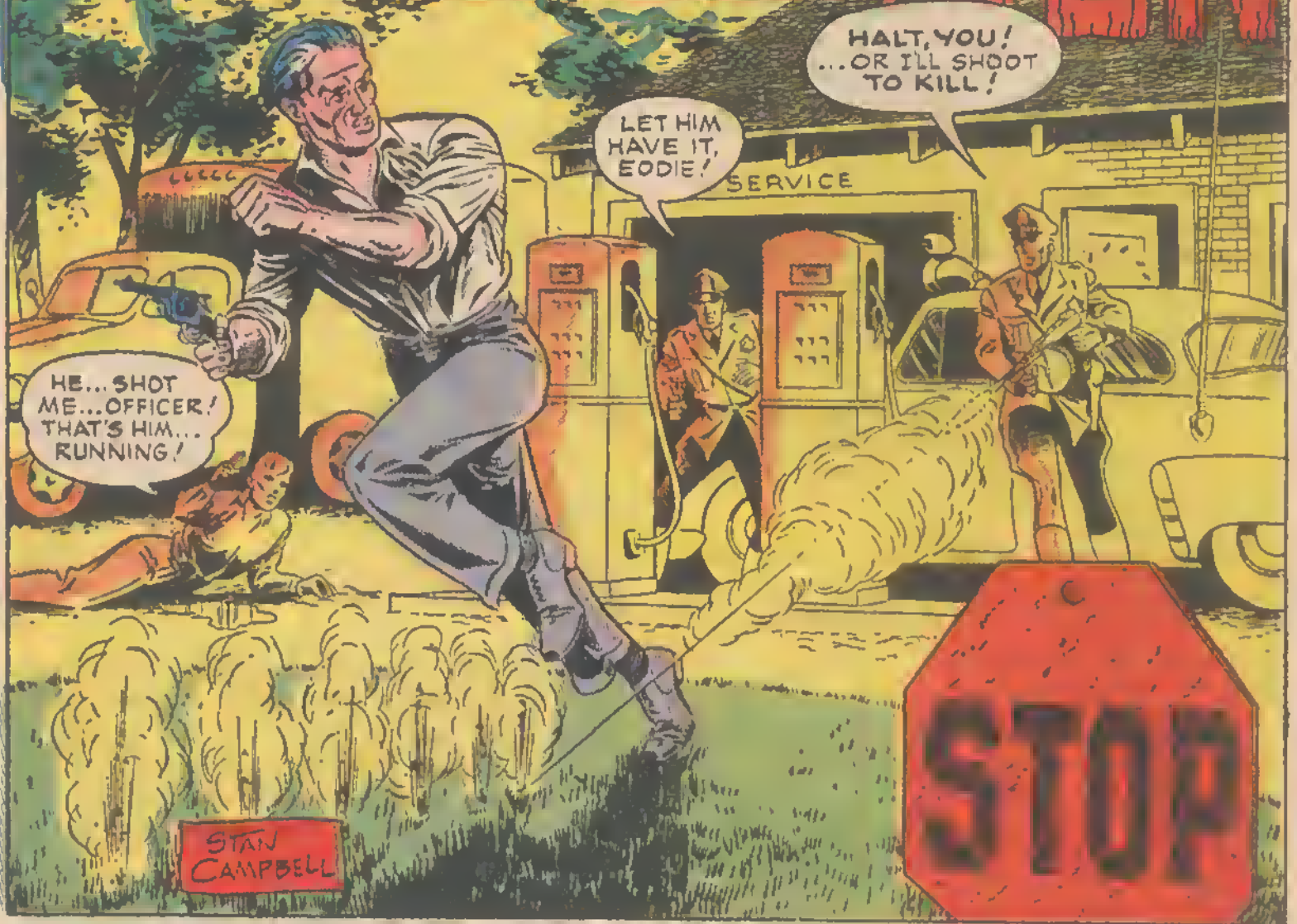
Dr. Guy Wallers adjusted his glasses and then spoke. "I guess you can call this a case of Deod Justice. John Albertson must have died as soon as he sat in the car. Figure three hours for the trip. Then his nephew shot him and placed the gun in his hand. It took two more hours till they hit the pipe in the road. That must have jolted the car. Hence the muzzle of the gun shifted towards the nephew's heart. Rigor mortis set in and the finger tightened around the trigger and bang! went the gun."

"Guess you're right," admitted the sheriff. "But if Jerry Mahoney could only have waited a few hours at home, his uncle would have died peacefully and he would have inherited all that dough. What fools we mortals be!"

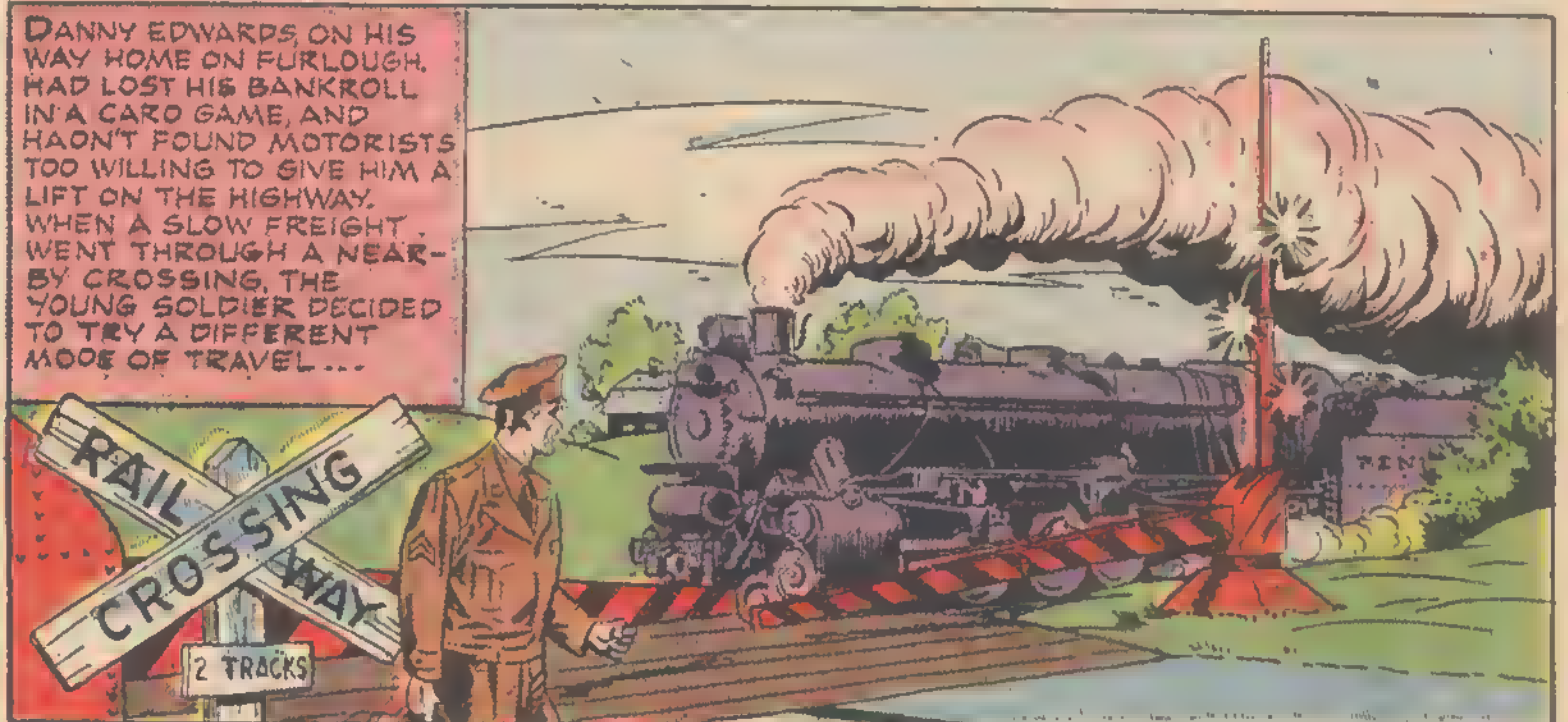
THE END

CRIME AND JUSTICE

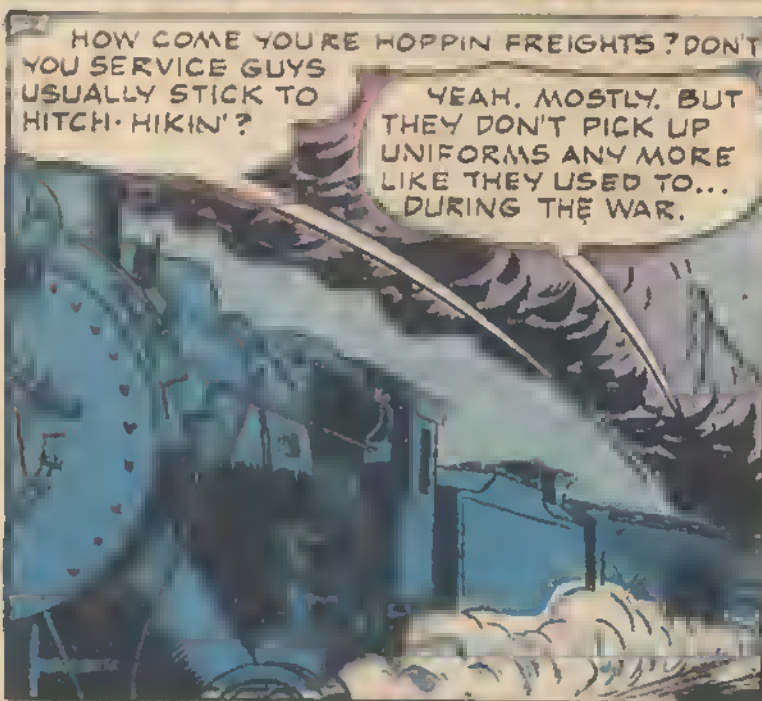
RUN, KILLER, RUN



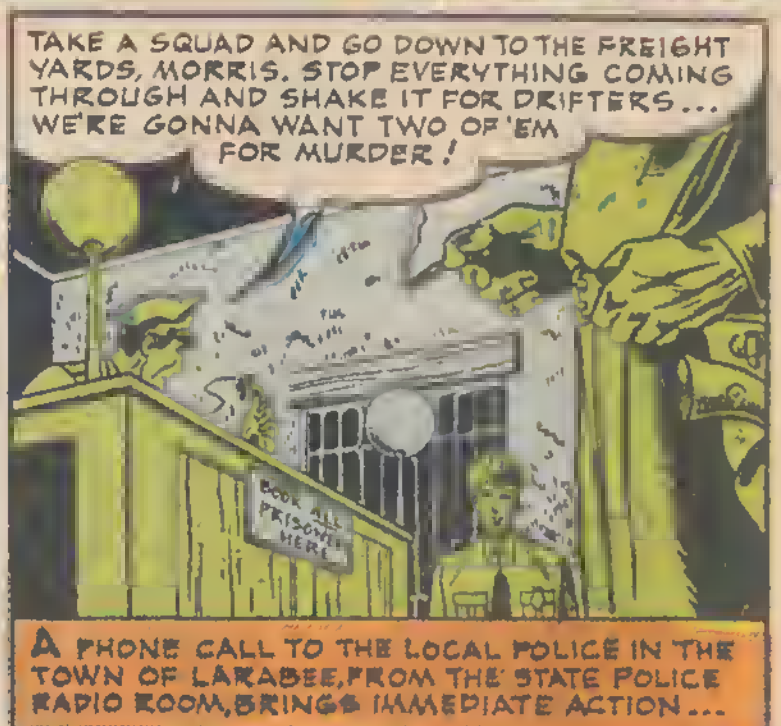
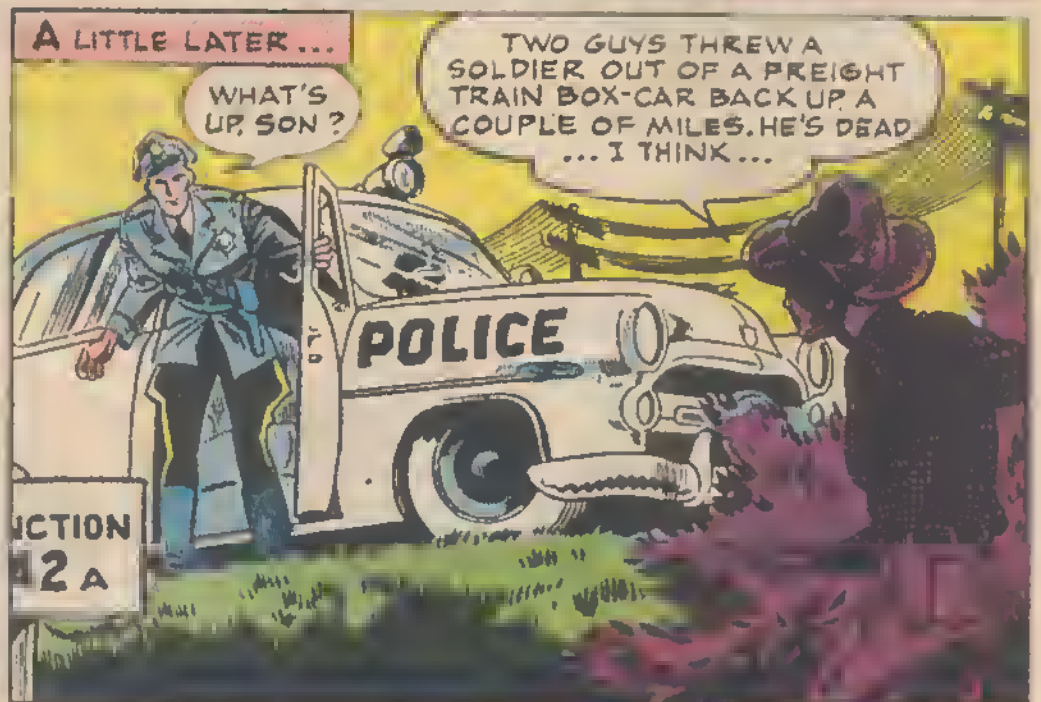
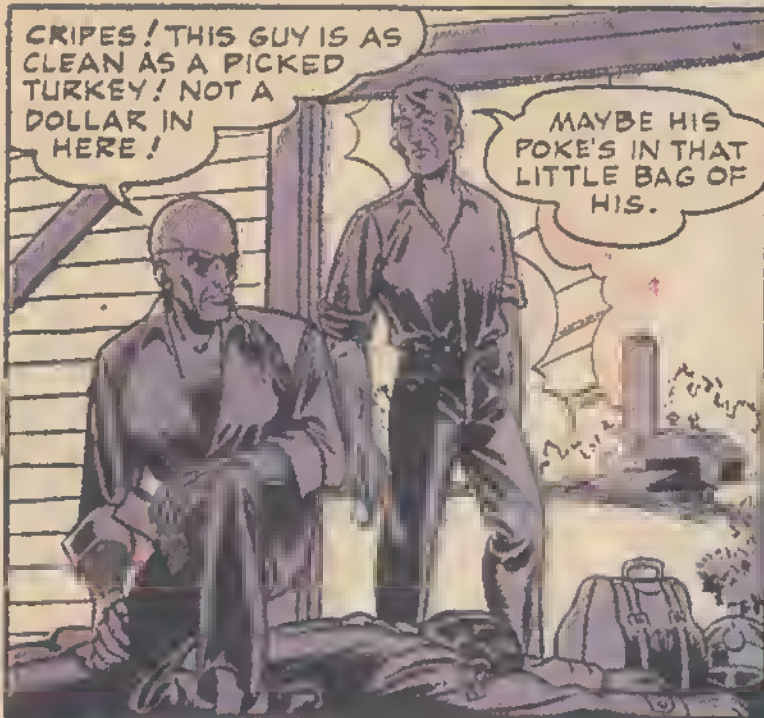
DANNY EDWARDS, ON HIS WAY HOME ON FURLOUGH, HAD LOST HIS BANKROLL IN A CARO GAME, AND HADN'T FOUND MOTORISTS TOO WILLING TO GIVE HIM A LIFT ON THE HIGHWAY. WHEN A SLOW FREIGHT WENT THROUGH A NEAR-BY CROSSING, THE YOUNG SOLDIER DECIDED TO TRY A DIFFERENT MODE OF TRAVEL...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



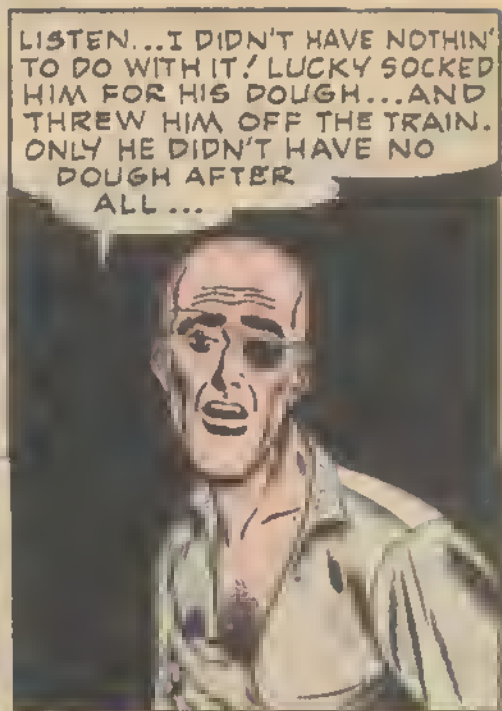
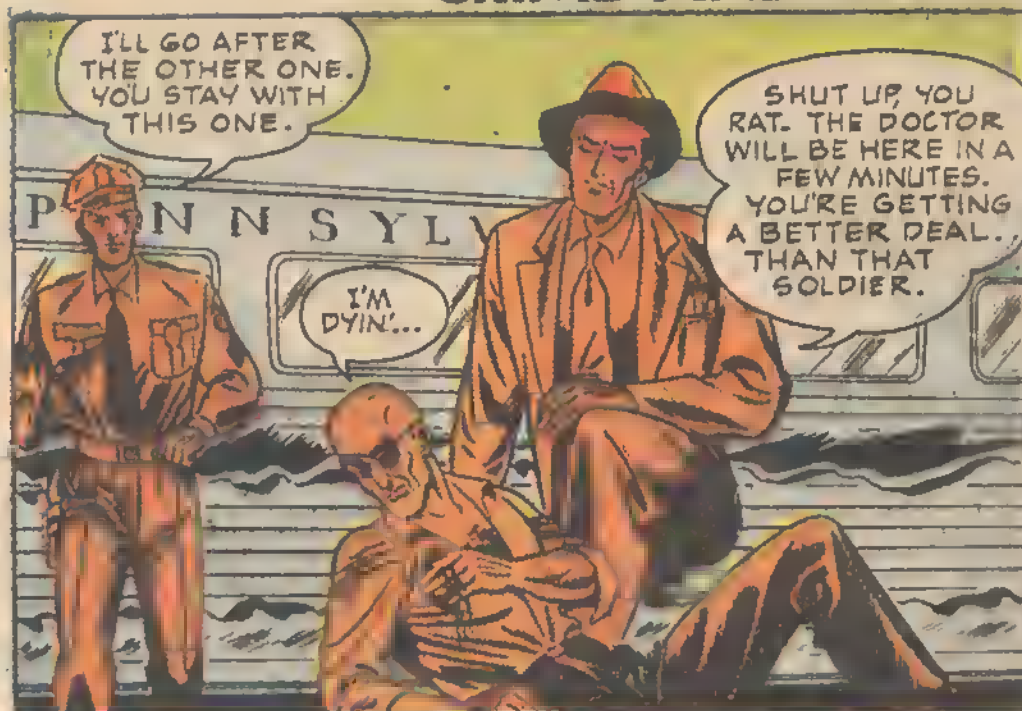
CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



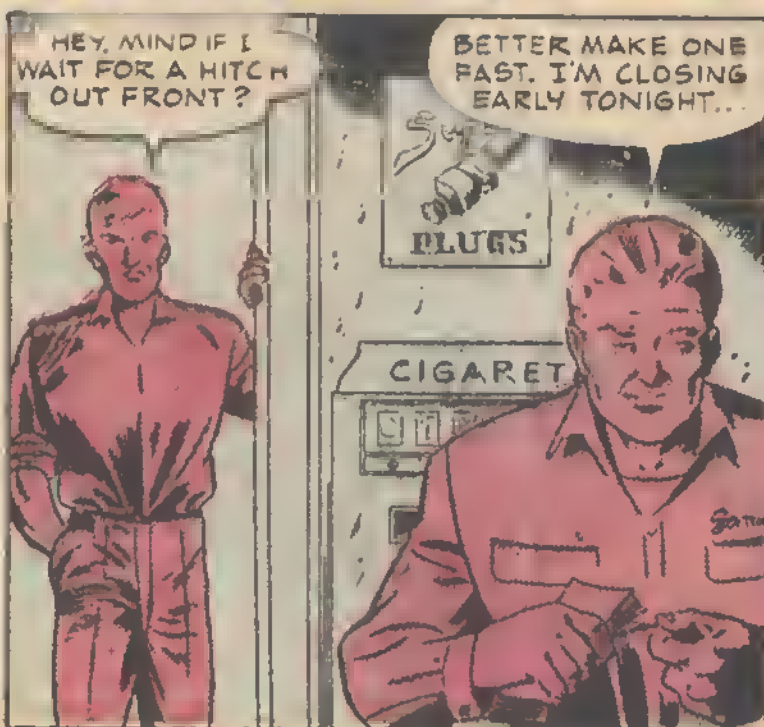
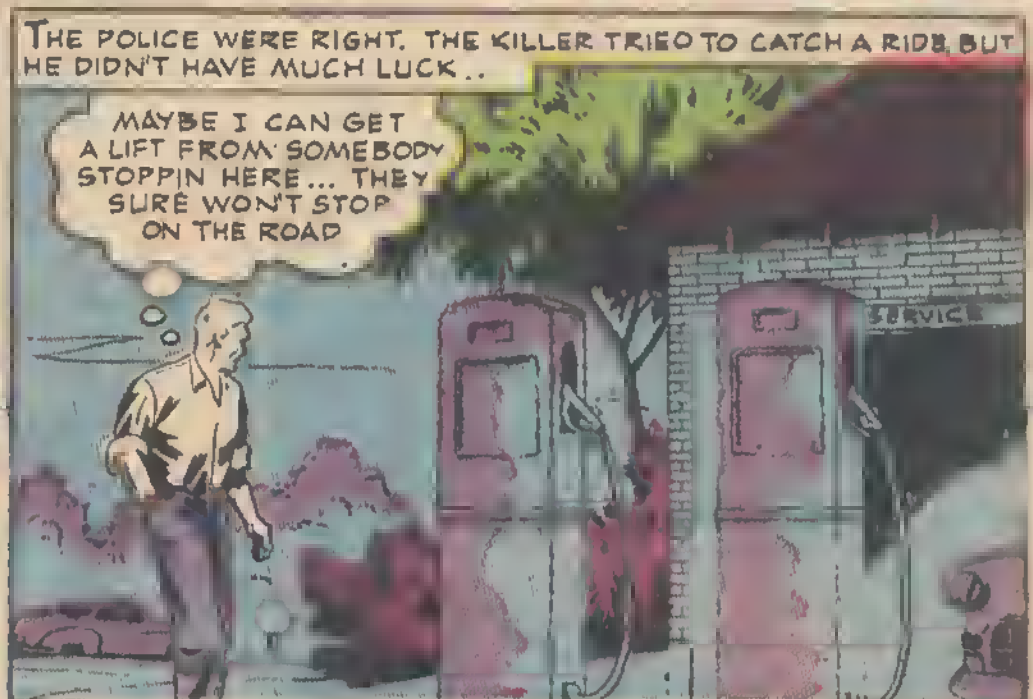
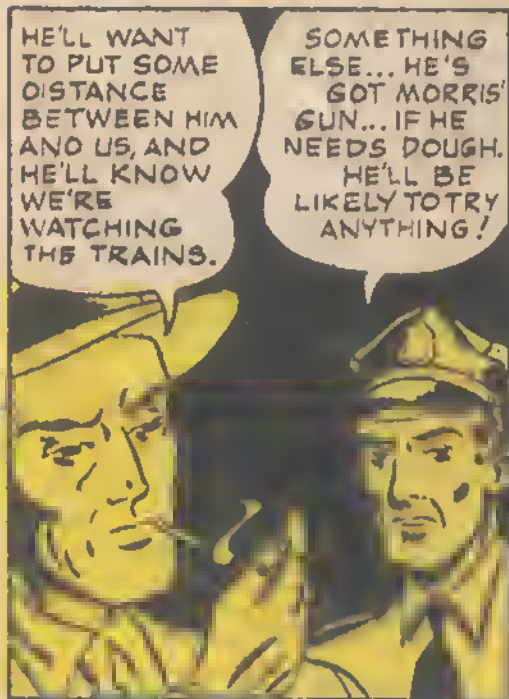
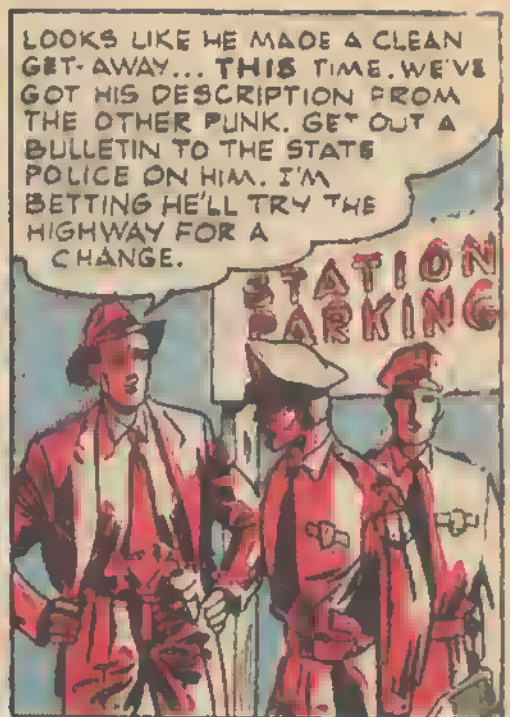
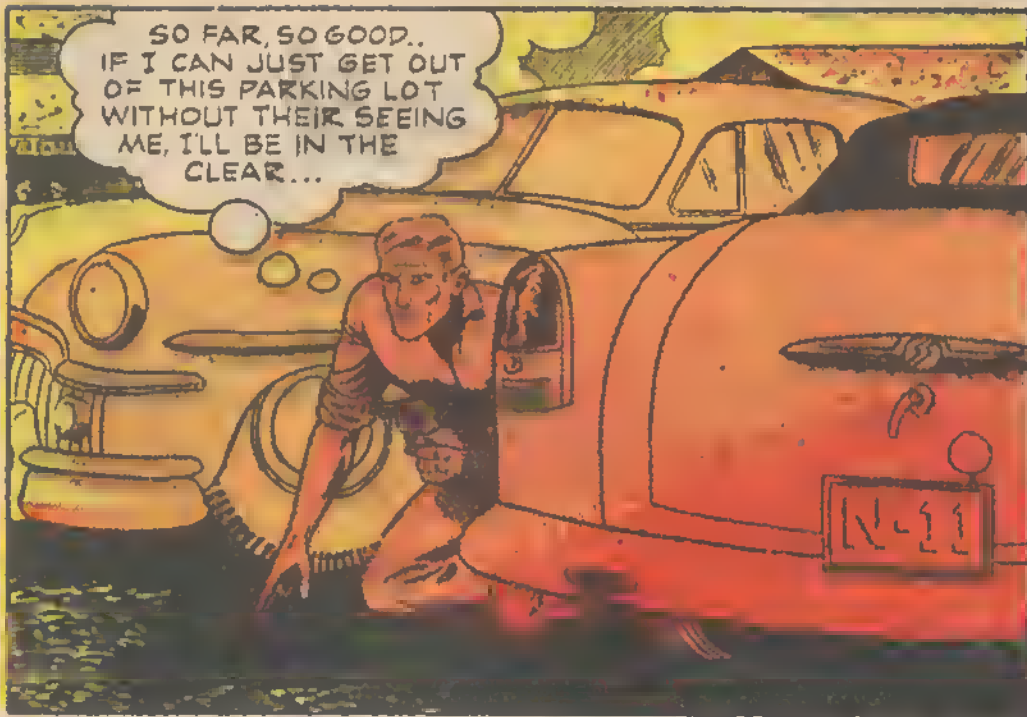
CRIME AND JUSTICE



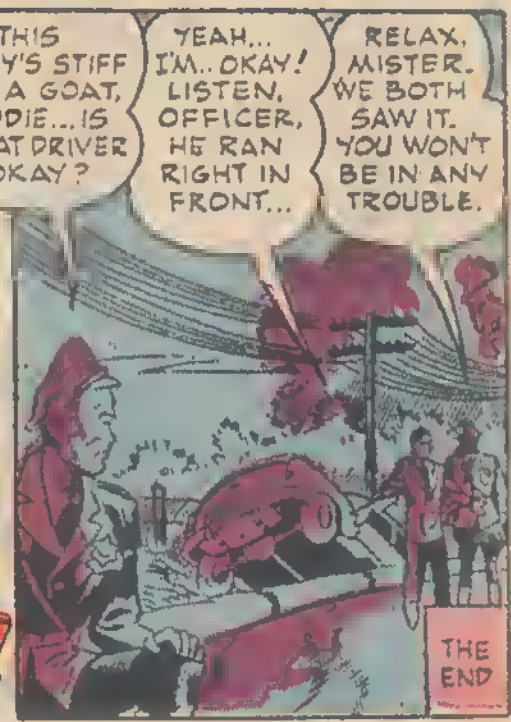
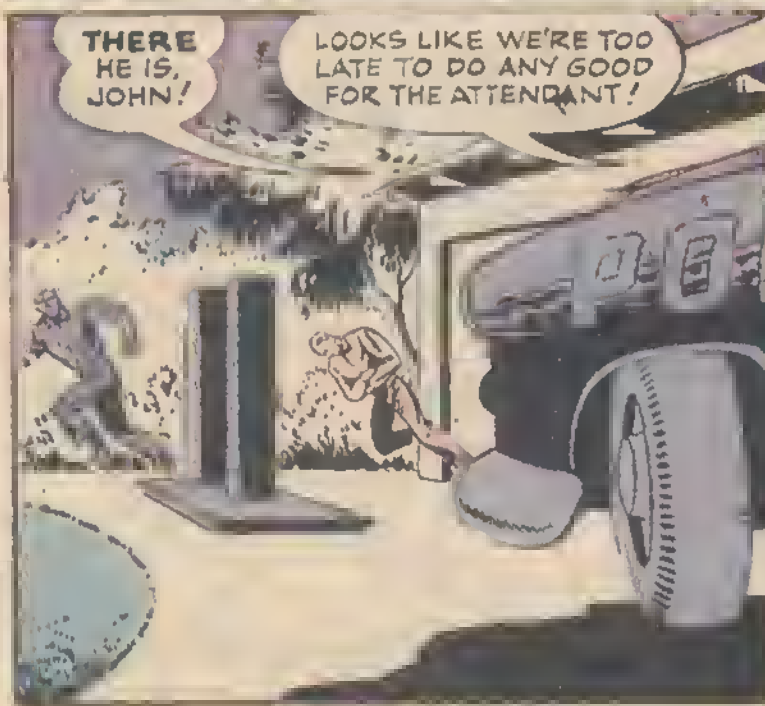
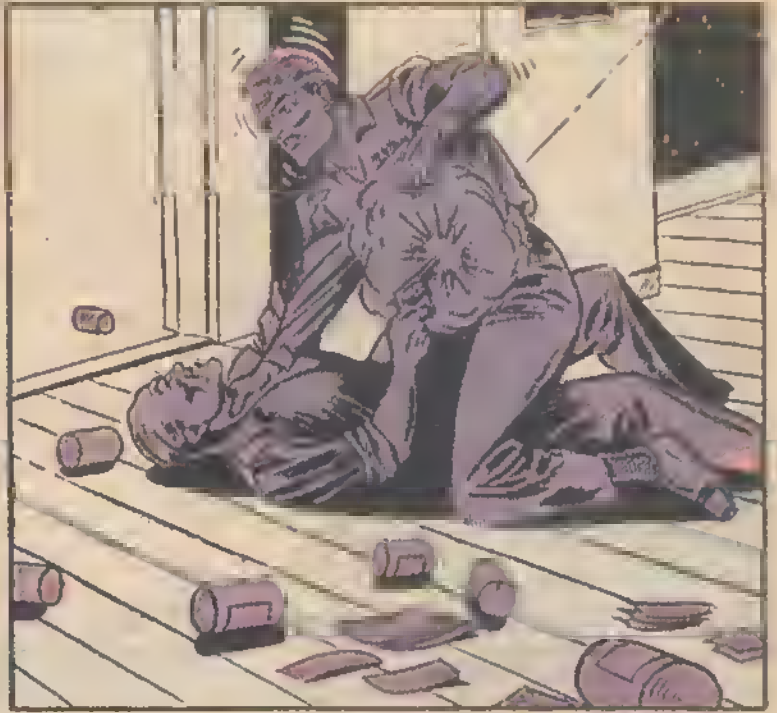
MEANWHILE, LUCKY HAS GIVEN SERGEANT MORRIS THE SLIP... FOR THE MOMENT.



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



THE
END

CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE FIRST PAYMENT HAD DISAPPEARED, AND NO ONE HAD WITNESSED WHO TOOK IT. IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE THAT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SMALL BILLS COULD BE PICKED UP UNDER THE EYES OF TWO CITY DETECTIVES WITHOUT THEIR SEEING IT, BUT THAT WAS ONLY ONE OF THE TRICKS WE WERE UP AGAINST WHEN SERGEANT CARR AND I ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE OF THE KILLER CALLED...

DEATH, INCORPORATED!

I WARNED YOU TO
STAY OUT, COPPER!
NOW TAKE THIS...

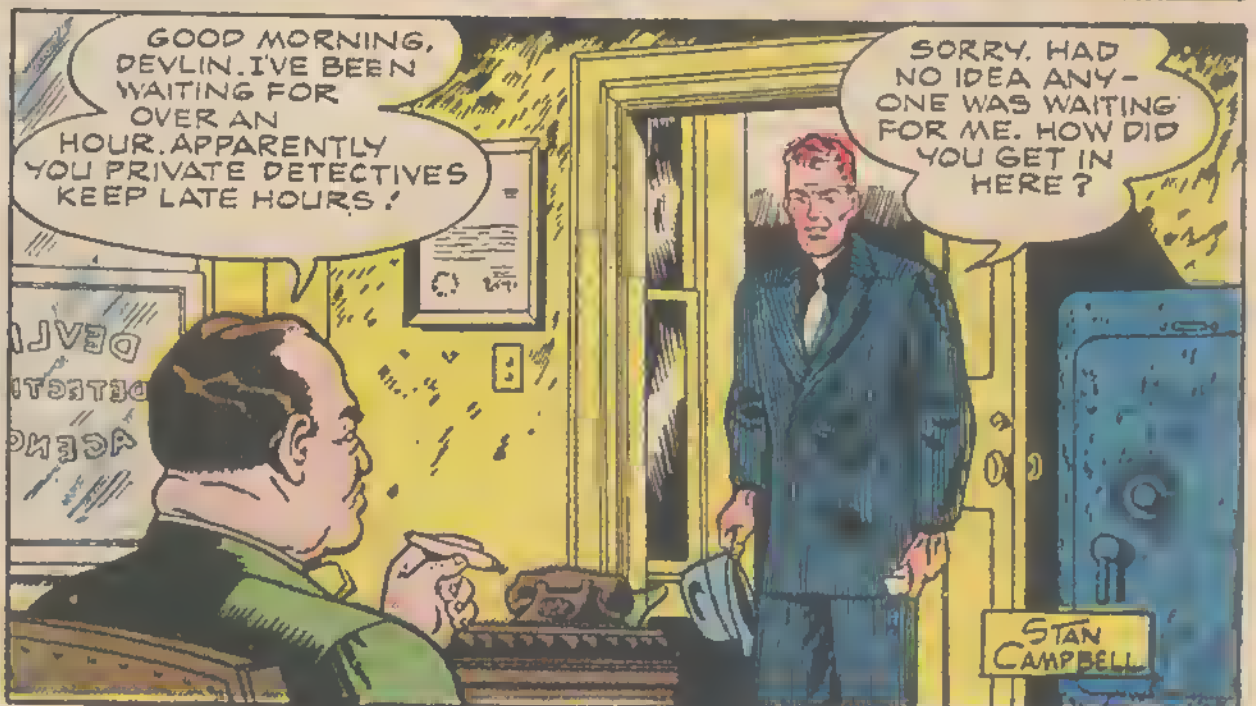
CRACK!



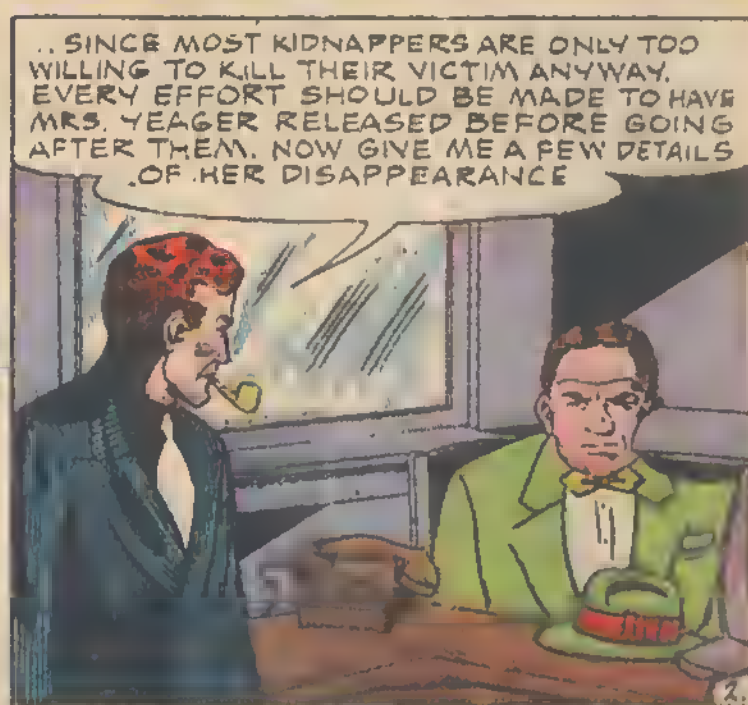
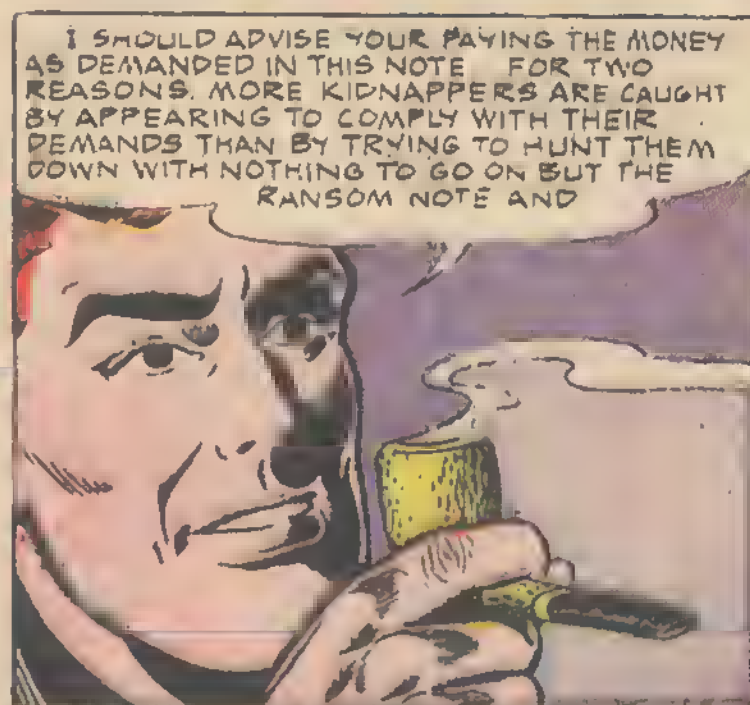
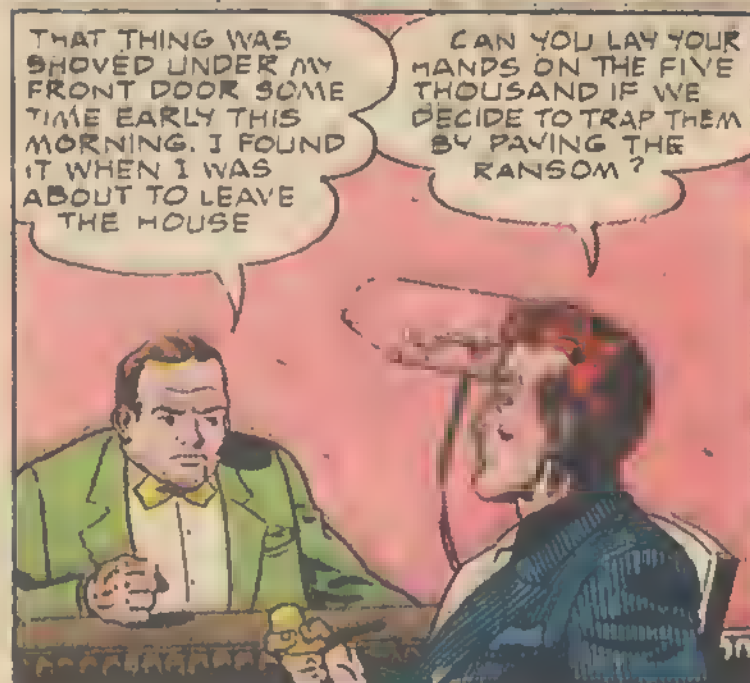
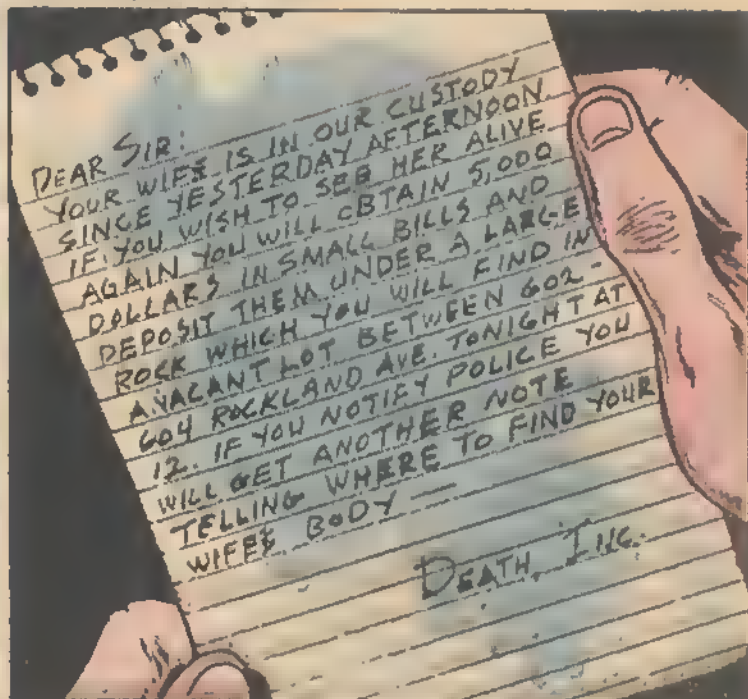
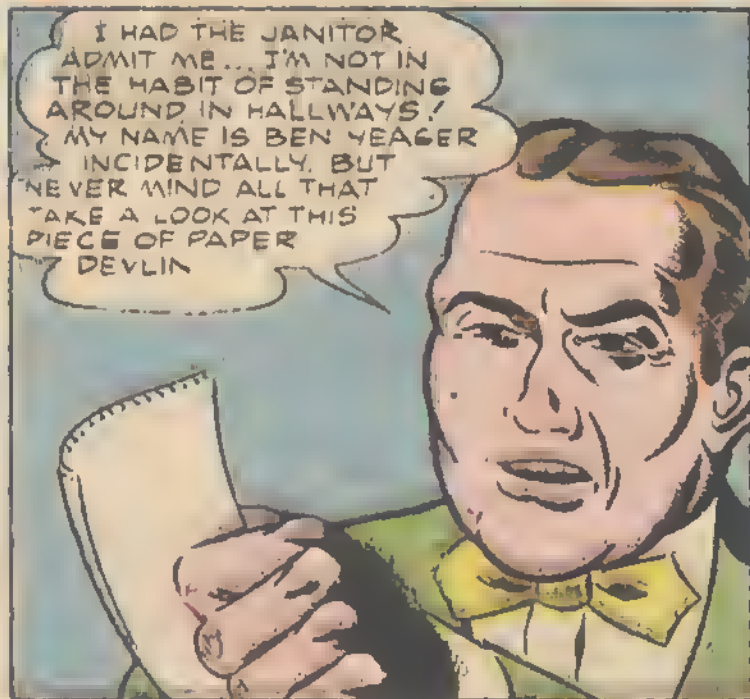
"IT WAS A SPRING MORNING, ONE OF THE FIRST, AND I HAD FELT PRETTY GOOD ABOUT THE WHOLE WORLD ON MY WAY TO WORK ON THIS PARTICULAR MORNING. HOWEVER, THE FEELING VANISHED AS I ENTERED MY OFFICE..."

GOOD MORNING, DEVLIN. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR OVER AN HOUR. APPARENTLY YOU PRIVATE DETECTIVES KEEP LATE HOURS!

SORRY. HAD NO IDEA ANYONE WAS WAITING FOR ME. HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

SHE TOLD ME YESTERDAY MORNING SHE WAS GOING TO A MATINEE. I THINK SHE WENT BY HERSELF. I DON'T KNOW WHICH THEATRE. LAST NIGHT, WHEN SHE FAILED TO RETURN HOME BY A LATE HOUR, I CALLED ALL OUR ACQUAINTANCES I COULD THINK OF. NO ONE HAD SEEN HER. THIS MORNING, THE NOTE.



TRY TO ACT AS NEARLY NORMAL TODAY AS YOU CAN. DON'T DO ANYTHING THAT MIGHT ALARM THEM IF THEY ARE WATCHING YOU. I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER THIS EVENING IN REGARD TO THE RANSOM PAYMENT. I'LL KEEP THIS NOTE FOR THE TIME BEING, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

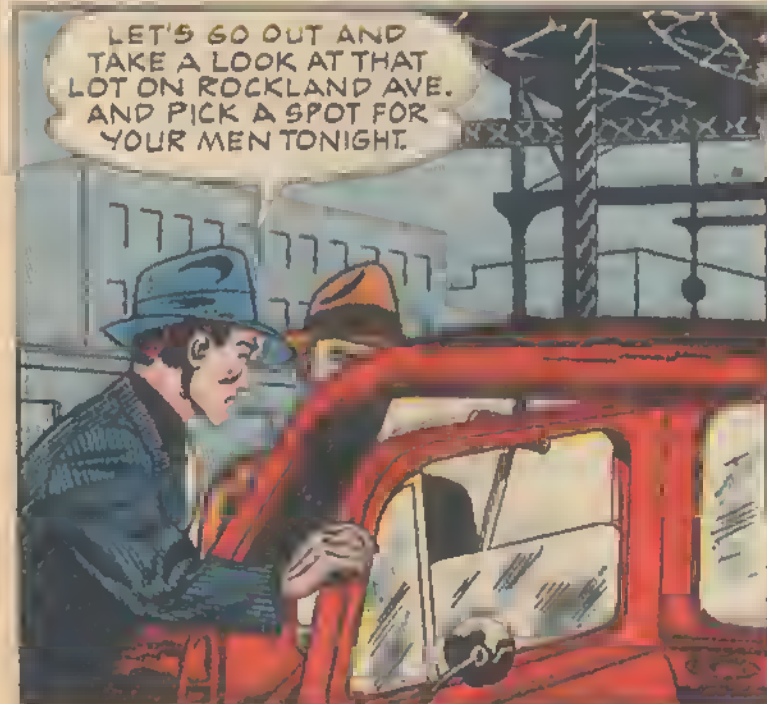


"AFTER YEAGER LEFT I CALLED THE POLICE AND ASKED FOR AN OLD FRIEND, SERGEANT BILLY CARR. ALTHOUGH THE NOTE WARNED AGAINST THE POLICE, I WAS ONLY ONE MAN, AND THAT VACANT LOT HAD GONE TO NEED SOME COVERTS TONIGHT..."



"LATER IN THE DAY I MET CARR FOR LUNCH AND WE WORKED OUT WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A PRETTY SOUND SYSTEM FOR BAGGING OUR KIDNAPPERS ONCE THE RANSOM HAD BEEN PAID..."

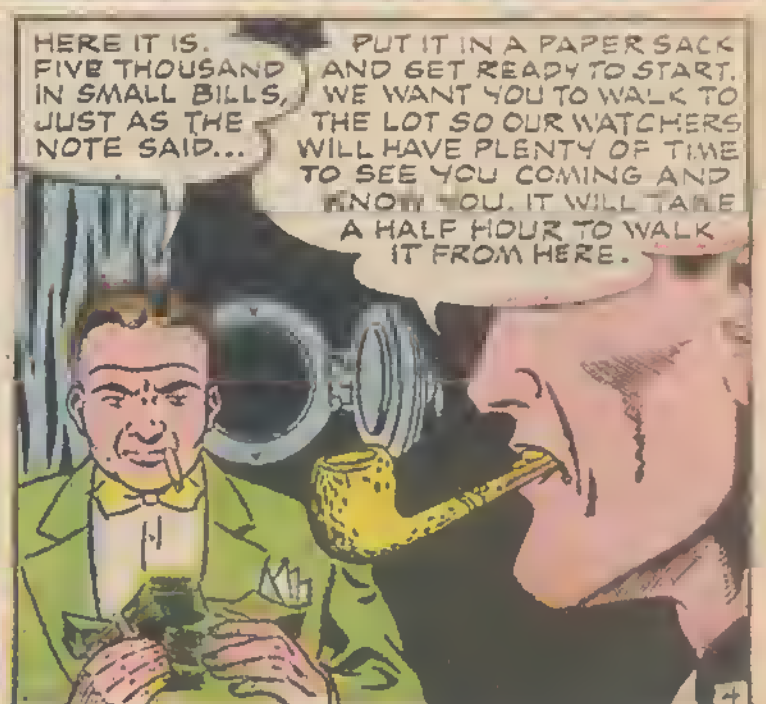
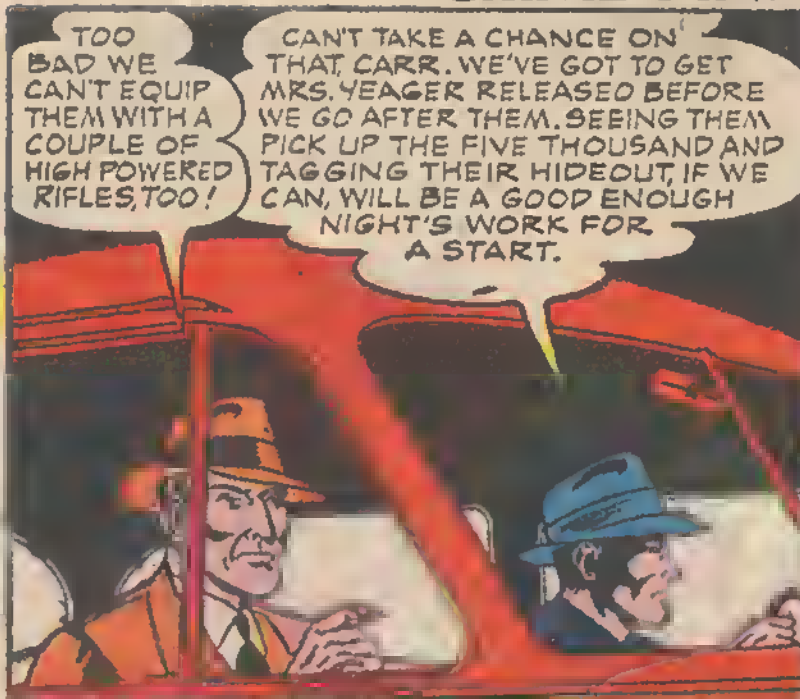
LET'S GO OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AT THAT LOT ON ROCKLAND AVE. AND PICK A SPOT FOR YOUR MEN TONIGHT.



WE CAN PUT A MAN IN AN OFFICE OF ONE OF THOSE FACTORIES OVER THERE WITH BINOCULARS TONIGHT, AND ANOTHER IN THAT APARTMENT BUILDING AHEAD. BOTH WILL HAVE AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF THAT BOULDER OUT THERE...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

"YEAGER LEFT, AND A HALF HOUR LATER THE PHONE RANG. IT WAS THE DETECTIVE IN THE APARTMENT BUILDING. HE TOLD US YEAGER HAD LEFT THE MONEY AT THE ROCK AND GONE BACK THE WAY HE HAD COME."



"WHEN HE RETURNED AT TWELVE THIRTY THE BANKER SAID HE HAD SEEN NO ONE, LEFT THE RANSOM AND CAME STRAIGHT HOME. WE WAITED FOR THE WATCHERS' HOUR TO COME N..."

"THE REPORTS CAME EVERY HOUR FROM BOTH OF OUR WATCHERS. THEY WERE ALL THE SAME... NO ONE HAD GONE INTO THE VACANT LOT ON ROCKLAND AVENUE. WE TOLD YEAGER TO GO TO BED, BUT HE PREFERRED TO STAY..."



ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY SURE, JOHNSON?



"BY SEVEN A.M. WE KNEW THERE HAD BEEN A SLIP-UP IN OUR PLANS."

I'M TELLING YOU, SERGEANT, THERE HASN'T BEEN A SOUL GONE INTO THIS VACANT LOT ALL NIGHT, LET ALONE GO NEAR THAT ROCK! I'VE GOT THE PHONE RIGHT HERE AT THE WINDOW SO I DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE FOR EVEN A MINUTE...



"WE HAD ABOUT DECIDED THE CRIMINALS WOULD TRY THE PICK-UP THE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN..."

LOOK AT THIS, DEVLIN. IT WAS JUST INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR... LIKE THE OTHER ONE!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

"DEAR SIR, WE RECEIVED YOUR MONEY AS PER INSTRUCTIONS. THANK YOU. TONIGHT REPEAT YOUR ACTIONS OF LAST NIGHT, THIS TIME WITH 10,000 DOLLARS, AND TOMORROW YOUR WIFE WILL REALLY BE SENT HOME TO YOU... DEATH, INC."



HOW DID THEY DO IT? BOTH OF THOSE 102-477*2! COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SLEEPING WHEN THE PICK-UP WAS MADE! TONIGHT WE'LL DOUBLE THE WATCH... JUST TO BE SURE!

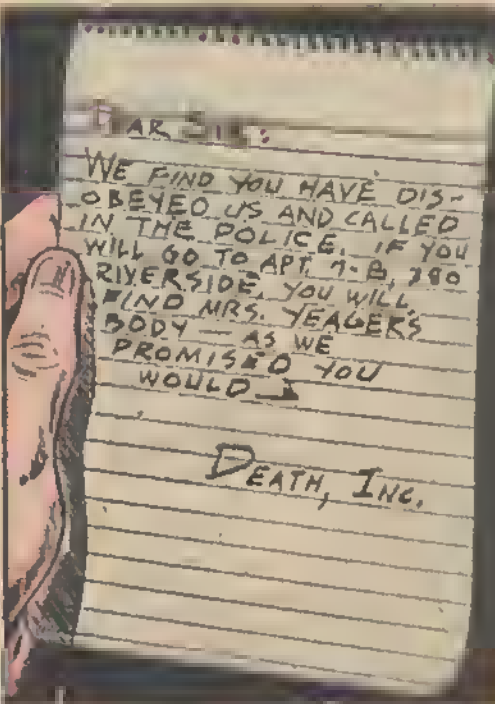


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT WAS THE SAME STORY AS THE FIRST, EXCEPT THIS TIME YEAGER DELIVERED TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND REPORTED THE ORIGINAL FIVE THOUSAND GONE. THE FOLLOWING MORNING I WATCHED THE FRONT DOOR FOR ANOTHER NOTE. WHEN I TURNED MY BACK FOR AN INSTANT, YEAGER SAW THE NOTE COME UNDER THE DOOR AND PICKED IT UP. I RAN TO THE DOOR, BUT OUR MAN HAD VANISHED INTO THIN AIR."



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE GOT AWAY SO FAST...

BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...



"NOW THE WORST HAD HAPPENED. WE HAD FOLDED UP COMPLETELY AND BOTH CARR AND I WERE AFRAID OF WHAT WE WOULD FIND AS WE RAN TO 810 RIVERSIDE, A DEAD END TOWN. BUT AT LEAST THE POLICE COULD NOW GO IN TO FIND THE BODY IN THE OPEN..."



WELL... THEY WEREN'T KIDDING...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

SHE'S BEEN DEAD A COUPLE OF DAYS, CARR. MUST HAVE BEEN ALREADY MURDERED BEFORE THE FIRST NOTE CAME.

WE'VE GOT A LOT OF FINGERPRINTS. SEEM TO BE MOSTLY OF TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

"BY MID-AFTERNOON CARR AND I HAD GONE TO HIS OFFICE TO AWAIT THE POSSIBLE IDENTIFICATION OF THE FINGERPRINTS.

THERE ARE A FEW ANGLES TO THIS WHOLE THING THAT BOTHER ME, CARR. FOR INSTANCE, THOSE NOTES... THEY WERE MEANT TO REPRESENT THE WORK OF A CRUDE, NEARLY ILLITERATE PERSON THE WAY THEY WERE SET UP... AND YET...

...YET THEY WERE PHRASED IN A MANNER THAT SUGGESTS AN EDUCATED PERSON. THEN THERE'S THAT MESSENGER, GETTING AWAY FROM ME THIS MORNING IN LESS THAN A MINUTE... PRETTY HARD TO DO...!



THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME NEARLY AS MUCH AS HOW THAT RANSOM MONEY GOT AWAY FROM US...

YES, I KNOW... FUNNY...



"FOR A MOMENT I HAD THE FEELING THAT I HAD COME CLOSE TO THE ANSWER, BUT AT THAT MOMENT..."

WE'VE IDENTIFIED ONE OF THOSE SETS OF PRINTS. THEY BELONG TO JACK PERRY. HE MUST BE YOUR BOY - GOT A RECORD AS LONG AS YOUR ARM! THE OTHER PRINTS AREN'T ON FILE. PROBABLY THE DEAD WOMAN'S.

CRIME
SECTION
DISTRICT



JACK PERRY. HUH?

YES, AND THE APARTMENT OUT ON RIVERSIDE IS PERRY'S PLACE! WE FINALLY GOT HOLD OF THE LANDLORD AND HE VERIFIED IT.

AN EX-CON KILLING A WOMAN IN HIS OWN PLACE? DOESN'T ADD UP, CARR.

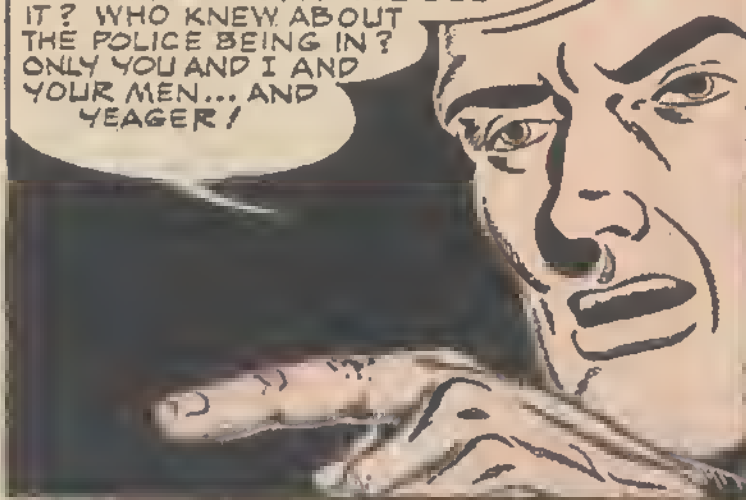
THEY'LL DO PRETTY STUPID THINGS SOMETIMES... AND, ANYWAY, IT'S THE OBVIOUS ANSWER.

NO, IT ISN'T! I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! LISTEN TO THIS, CARR. THE MONEY GONE, BUT NO ONE PICKING IT UP. THE LANGUAGE AND WORDING OF THOSE NOTES...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

...MY NOT FINDING ANYONE ON THE PORCH THIS MORNING. THE FACT THAT SHE WAS DEAD IN THE APARTMENT OF A KNOWN HOODLUM, AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, CARR, THEY KNEW THE POLICE WERE IN ON THE THING! DON'T YOU SEE IT? WHO KNEW ABOUT THE POLICE BEING IN? ONLY YOU AND I AND YOUR MEN... AND YEAGER!



WE MOVED THEN... BUT FAST! ONCE WE REALIZED THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE THING FELL INTO PLACE FOR US. NO ONE HAD PICKED UP THE MONEY BECAUSE YEAGER HAD GONE TO THE ROCK AND LEFT AGAIN, WITH THE MONEY STILL IN HIS POCKET!



"NO ONE HAD BEEN ON THAT PORCH THIS - OR ANY OTHER MORNING, BECAUSE YEAGER HAD WRITTEN THOSE NOTES HIMSELF AND THEN PRETENDED TO FIND THEM AT THE DOOR! IT WAS ALL CLEAR EXCEPT FOR A MOTIVE... WHY HAD BEN YEAGER SUDDENLY BECOME DEATH, INCORPORATED?"



THAT WAS A SHOT INSIDE!

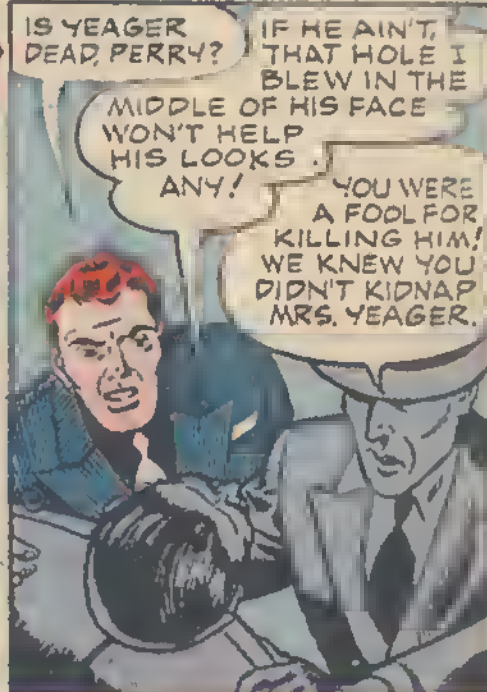
HE'LL HAVE LOCKED THE DOOR! BREAK IT DOWN!



IS YEAGER DEAD, PERRY?

IF HE AIN'T, THAT HOLE I BLEW IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FACE WON'T HELP HIS LOOKS ANY!

YOU WERE A FOOL FOR KILLING HIM! WE KNEW YOU DIDN'T KIDNAP MRS. YEAGER.

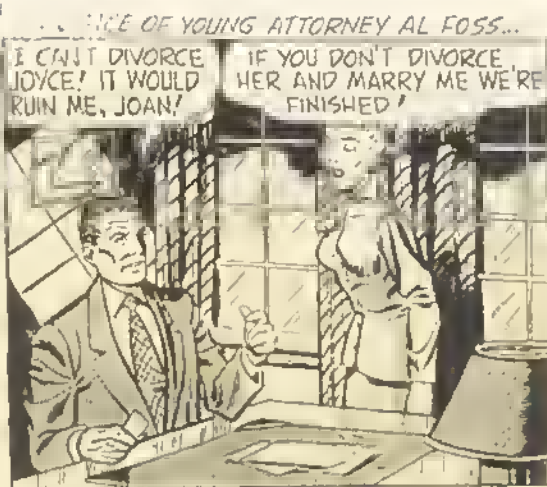


YOU KNEW THAT, HUH? GUESS I MIS-CUED, THEN... FIGURED AN EX-CON LIKE ME TO BE NATURAL FOR THE RAP! EVE WAS GOIN' TO DIVORCE THE FAT SLOB AND MARRY ME... HE FOUND OUT... TRAILED HER TO MY PLACE... KILLED HER THERE. I FOUND HER AND DECIDED TO GET HIM BEFORE YOU GUYS GOT ME! YOU... SHOOT STRAIGHT... DEVLIN...



THE END

CAN YOU
SELVE
THIS?
?



REGAN FINDS JOYCE'S OTHER SHOE...



SOLUTION.
THE MISSING SHOE SHOULD HAVE FIT THE LEFT FOOT BUT IT WAS A RIGHT SHOE. AL FOSS LATER CONFESSED... HE SAID HE HAD BEATEN HIS WIFE, THEN ARRANGED THE ACCIDENT SCENE. IN HIS HASTE HE HAD TAKEN TWO RIGHT SHOES OF A SIMILAR TYPE.



**APPEAR
SLIMMER
INSTANTLY!**

With the Amazing
**TUMMY
FLATTENING COMMANDER**

INTERLOCKING HANDS
OF FIRM SUPPORT*

Only \$298



Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way: clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Protruding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands, buckles, straps or laces. Chargeable crotch piece.



FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!

SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself! See the amazing difference with your own eyes! Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. Seal in Plain Wrapper in Return Mail Don't wait! Act NOW!

*PATENT PENDING U.S. PATENT OFFICE

-WARD GREEN CO., Dept. TR-9-

113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.
Push COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay portion \$2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund (Special Large Sizes 48 to 60 - \$3.98).

MY WAIST MEASURE IS.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

I enclose \$1.98 for \$3.98 for sizes 48 to 60. Ward Green Co. pays postage. Same refund offer holds.

☐ Also send... extra crotch piece... 12¢ each 2 for \$2.00.

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

ELECTRIC

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
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PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORIES
APPROVED



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT— You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by massage and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, thighs, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down LAXTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a finer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN, PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light-weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

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Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. He or you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACES:

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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

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ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. 8-94
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

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Address _____

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State _____

☐ SAVE POSTAGE. Check here if you enclose \$12.95 for Deluxe Model. We pay all postage and handling charge. Same money back guarantee applies.

☐ I enclose \$1.00. Send Standard Model.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

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1 F Dick Gordo (REPIN CDC GIANT)
2 Lon Morales *
3 FROLO
4 Stan Campbell
5 Lon Morales ?